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THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

TOWN OF CAMPTON, N. H.,

SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1867.

CONCORD:
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CAMPTON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

At the Annual Town Meeting, held in March, 1867, the town of Campton passed the following vote:

"That a Committee of six be chosen to make arrangements for celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of the town."

In accordance with the above vote, the following gentlemen were chosen as said Committee:

AMOS FLINT,	STEPHEN AVERY, JR.,
DAVID BARTLETT,	THOMAS S. PULSIFER,
ERASTUS DOLE,	JOHN F. MORTON.

The said Committee of Arrangements subsequently took measures to carry into effect the wishes of the town, as follows:

The 12th of September, 1867, was selected as the day for the Celebration.

An invitation was extended to the Rev. ISAAC WILLEY of Pembroke, a native of the town, to deliver a Historical Address. Mr. CHARLES CUTTER was requested to examine the town records, to aid in procuring material for such address.

The following gentlemen were chosen to act as officers on the occasion of the celebration:

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

TOLMAN WILLEY, ESQ., of Boston.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Hon. E. C. BAKER, Boston,	JOHN COOK, Campton,
JACOB GIDDING, Esq., Portland,	SAMUEL COOK, "
SYLVESTER MARSH, Littleton,	JACOB AVERY, "
Rev. AUSTIN WILLEY, California,	DAVID BARTLETT, "
B. F. PALMER, LL. D., Philadelphia,	SAMUEL MOULTON, "
Gen. MOSES COOK, Laconia,	SAMUEL KENISTON, "
MOSES BARTLETT, Illinois,	ENOCH TAYLOR, "
EPHRAIM COOK, Wentworth,	P. C. BLAISDELL, "

DIODATE WILLEY,	Campton,	DANIEL AVERY, Esq.,	Campton,
MOSES BLAISDELL,	"	CHARLES STICKNEY,	"
EDMUND DURGIN,	"	JAMES BURBECK,	"
JOHN PULSIFER,	"	ROBERT SMITH,	"
JACOB ADAMS,	"	WILLIAM SOUTHMAYD.	"

To Read Charter of the Town.—HENRY W. BLAIR, Plymouth.

Toast-Master.—CHARLES CUTTER, Campton.

Chief Marshal.—JOSEPH COOK, Campton.

The grounds adjoining the Town House were selected for the place of the Celebration, and upon these were erected a stand and seats for the speakers and audience upon the one side, and a spacious booth for the dinner tables upon the other.

The citizens throughout the town were invited to furnish the tables with a supply of provisions sufficient for the expected multitude.

The absent sons and daughters of Campton, far and near, were invited to return home and participate in the exercises of the occasion.

The PLYMOUTH BAND was engaged to furnish music.

EXERCISES OF THE MORNING.

The twelfth of September was ushered in by a bright and beautiful morning, the commencement of an auspicious day. At an early hour a large gathering of the people of the town and others from abroad, assembled in the neighborhood of the Congregational Meeting House, and were there formed into a procession by the Chief Marshal and his Assistants.

After a series of marching and countermarching to the music of the Band, the procession was led to the Town House, and thereupon the officers of the day and speakers were invited to the stand and the audience seated before them.

The Exercises were opened by an appropriate prayer by the Rev. DANIEL PULSIFER of Danbury.

Then followed an *Address of Welcome* to such of the emigrant sons and daughters of Campton as had returned home for the occasion, by Rev. QUINCY BLAKELY.

Original Hymn sung by the Choir.

Historical Address by Rev. ISAAC WILLEY.

Original Hymn sung by the Choir.

These Exercises concluded, a recess of one hour was declared and all present were invited to repair to the tables and share in the abundant collation with which the good citizens of the town had loaded them to repletion. There was no hesitation to comply with this invitation, and ample justice was done to the hospitality which had provided the feast. This interesting and satisfactory part of the proceedings being over the seats were again occupied, and then commenced the

EXERCISES OF THE AFTERNOON.

The President on resuming the chair entertained the audience with an eloquent and extended address of more than an hour, passing in review the character of the early settlers of New England and enlarging upon what they had accomplished, giving sketches of some of the prominent early residents of Campton, reminiscences of his boyhood, anecdotes, &c. It is regreted that a sketch of his remarks could not be furnished for publication.

Next in order came the toasts as given by the Toastmaster, intervals between which were enlivened with music by the Band.

1. *The Clergymen of Campton.*

Responded to by Rev. DANIEL PULSIFER of Danbury.

2. *The Common Schools of Campton.*

Responded to by WILLIAM C. BLAIR, Esq., of Laconia.

3. *The Sunday Schools of Campton.*

Responded to by Rev. WALTER CHASE of Woodstock.

4. "*How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.*"

Responded to by Rev. FRENCH SMITH of Thornton.

5. *The Emigrant Sons and Daughters of Campton.*

Responded to by DAVIS BAKER of Washington city. This gentleman's remarks having been unpremeditated, a sketch has not been obtained for publication.

6. *The Soldiers of the Union.*

Responded to by HENRY W. BLAIR, Esq., of Plymouth.

At this point the lateness of the hour precluded the introduction of other exercises, and the meeting was brought to a close.

Letters were received from the following gentlemen, natives or former residents of Campton:

From the Rev. DR. STONE of Concord.

From the Rev. AUSTIN WILLEY of California.

From Hon. E. C. Baker of Boston.

From B. Frank Palmer, LL. D., Philadelphia.

From S. D. Baker, Esq.

Poem by B. Frank Palmer, LL. D., Philadelphia.

A specimen of old fashioned horseback riding was displayed before the company. A couple came along riding double, one upon the pillion, as our fathers and mothers came through the woods to their home in this place.

Several articles of antiquity were exhibited. Among them was a mortar in which, before mills were erected, the corn was pounded for bread; and there might have been presented a powder-horn beautifully carved, with appropriate inscriptions by Benjamin Baker, when in the Revolutionary army.

WELCOME.

BY REV. QUINCY BLAKELY.

Absent Sons and Daughters of Campton here returned:

The Committee of Arrangements have assigned to me the pleasing duty of welcoming you home on this occasion.

The act of incorporation of this town dates back a hundred years. You did well to accept the cordial invitation of your brothers and sisters at the old homestead and come home to-day to assist in the proper celebration of this hundredth anniversary. It is well to pause, occasionally, — once in a century at least, — in the onward march of events and erect a monument which shall per-

petuate a knowledge of our deeds to future generations. A hundred years ago our fathers settled in this wilderness wild. The same sky is indeed over our heads, the same soil is beneath our feet, but all else, how changed! Our Fathers, where are they? Not one remains. But a numerous progeny are here, with pleasant memories of the past, and grateful to those who have gone before for the rich legacies they bequeathed to them; and grateful ought we to be to Almighty God for his providential care and abounding goodness unto us.

Actuated, perhaps, by a desire to see more of the world or to better your condition, you went out from us; but, as your presence here to-day plainly indicates, you have not ceased to be interested in the welfare of your native town. We who have remained by the dear old mother have endeavored to do our work well. The forests have given way before the woodman's axe, the hills and valleys have been subdued and cultivated, as you might infer from the appearance of yonder table; the thump of the carpenter's tools, the ring of the anvil, and the rattle of the loom and spindle are still heard within our borders. A school-house is found in every district, and not a person can be found in town, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who cannot read and write. Churches have been erected, within which may be found worshippers of the one living and true God, and where may be heard the "Glorious Gospel of the blessed God," from Sabbath to Sabbath. We are on the whole a prosperous people. We have married and given in marriage and unto us children have been born. When the natural increase of population has not been sufficient to fill the vacancies occasioned by emigration and death, there has been found enterprise sufficient to induce men and women from other places to come and settle among us, and the adopted children are not ashamed of the born native.

This, to us, is a day of great rejoicing. If we should seem to you a little too hilarious and jovial, remember it is a high day, and a part of the exuberance of our joy arises from the privilege of welcoming you home.

Without wearying you with the formalities of a welcome, in the name and in behalf of the Committee of the citizens of Campton, I bid you a hearty and cordial welcome. Welcome to the festivities of this occasion. Welcome to our homes and to all the enjoyments thereof.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

O God, to Thee our voices raise,
The song of glory and of praise,
Our fathers worshipped at Thy throne,
Their children bow to Thee alone.

We thank Thee for Thy goodness shown
In former years which long have flown,
In name of those who gave us birth
We thank the Lord of Heaven and earth.

Thy heart, so kind in days of yore
Still gives, as freely as before,
Where'er we live, where'er we roam
Thy hand protects our native home.

God of our Fathers, now to Thee
Let all the praise and glory be,
In Thee, we've found all good before,
In Thee, we'll trust forever more.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CAMPTON.

BY REV. ISAAC WILLEY.

Fellow Town's-people:

THERE is a sentiment in the human mind which readily answers to such a call as you have extended to your absent children, — a call to gather with you to the graves of our fathers and recount, as far as we may be able, the events of their lives. More than three generations have owned and occupied the territory of this town. Here they have passed their lives, — cultivated these farms, secured the means of living, and served their generation.

Here they have endured their trials, many and severe. Here they worshipped and trusted the God of their fathers, and from these dwellings have many gone up to be joined with the ransomed of the Lord.

A goodly number from abroad whose bones and muscles grew to strength on these hills and who had here their early training, have come home on this occasion. Others would if they could. But from their distant dwellings in the South, in the West and on the shores of the Pacific, they will to-day think of us and talk of us and the exclamation will be heard in many a family, "How I should like to be in old Campton to-day!"

We are all happy in meeting so many fathers and mothers and children of the place. We thank the citizens of the town for the happy arrangements for this occasion. Whether or not departed spirits are conversant with passing scenes among men, it is quite certain that they are conscious beings, and they who have gone from this place must remember the events which we this day commemorate.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY WHEN THE TOWN BEGAN TO BE SETTLED.

To-day our minds are thrown back upon the past. One hundred years ago, and what was the condition of this town, and the regions adjacent? A continuous wilderness, with the exception of some small openings. A few families had come into this town, a few into Plymouth, Hebron, Rumney, Sandwich, Holderness and Bridgewater. But to the north no opening had been made for civilized men this side of Canada, except for three families who had gone fifty miles into the wilderness to commence a settlement in what is now Lancaster, in Coos county. But in the southern portion of the State, it is well known that the towns were settled more than one hundred years earlier than in the interior and northern portions. The best lands, the rich intervales, the most valuable timber remained untouched for more than one hundred years, while the people in the lower towns secured but narrow means of subsistence upon their worn out farms. This you may take as an indication of want of enterprise. But we shall soon see how their enterprise was developed under other circumstances.

THE FRENCH WAR.

You must know that during a large portion of our colonial history, the wilderness was ranged by powerful tribes of Indians who were naturally inimical to those who came to possess their lands, and who were known to have been instigated to deeds of cruelty by the French Jesuits in Canada. Until 1760, Canada was a province of France. The French had also possessions in the South, so had Spain, and the people were Roman Catholics. There was a design, as there is reason to believe, on the part of the people of that faith, to unite Canada and

Louisiana and other countries at the South by a chain of fortifications along the Mississippi, the Ohio and the great Lakes, so as to shut up the English possessions and protestantism within narrow limits and secure the vast regions beyond. This gave rise to the French war in 1755. A war in which the English Colonies took an active part, and the result of which disappointed all the plans for the extensions of the power of France on this continent. Little could have been seen at that time of the vast consequences which were to result to the world from the valor of Wolfe and of his army in the battle upon the plains of Abraham. Not the city of Quebec only but the province came into the possession of Great Britain. Had that battle terminated differently, had there been less valor in those soldiers, less heroism in their commander, what a different chain of events must have followed! As it respects these colonies, the Indians had then none to incite them to deeds of cruelty. They were also impressed with the growing strength of the colonies, and ceased their hostilities.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

The people might now venture into the vast forests of New England. In their various excursions against the Indians, they had made themselves acquainted with the country and knew where the best lands were to be found. The governor of this State at that time was disposed to encourage immigration, if for no other reason than the perquisites which he received. In consideration of a large ox, driven from Hampton to Governor Wentworth at Portsmouth, we are told that the territory now making up New Hampton and Center Harbor was granted. A fact which shows the energy of the people of our State at this time and relieves them from any just imputation of a

lack of it, is that in fully one-third of the towns of this State, settlements were commenced within ten years after the close of the French war.

In these openings which they had made in the forest, you would have discovered a small new house and the beginning of a family of ten or twelve children. Roads would be seen to be marked out, bridges and mills beginning to be built in places where in a few years there would be a well regulated and comfortable community. When John Mann and his wife came from Hebron in Connecticut, to Orford in this State, in October, 1765, there was no road from Charlestown but a horse track, for fifty miles. He said that at that time there were but two openings in Claremont, one in Cornish, one in Plainfield, three in Lebanon, one in Hanover, and three in Lyme.

CLEARING THE LAND.

Could you have looked from the top of the hills, or have been so elevated in a balloon as to have looked down upon the territory making up our State, you would have seen the men in more than seventy towns cutting into the dense forests, felling each his acres of trees. At the dry season he would put fire to them, and the smoke from a thousand farms would be seen ascending to the skies. The great logs which were left were cut up, drawn together into piles to be burned in the night. These, if they had been regarded as camp-fires, would have indicated an army upon every man's plantation. In this way was used up an amount of wood and lumber, which, could it have remained to this day, would have been a vast source of wealth, exceeding in value the whole country at that time.

CHARTER OF THE TOWN.

The town was originally granted to Gen. JABEZ SPENCER of East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1761. But he, dy-

ing before the needful settlements were effected, the title became invalid. This accounts for the delay in the settlement of the town, a few families only being here for a number of years. But the heirs of the first grantee and others interested, secured a new charter in 1767.

EARLY SETTLERS.

The early inhabitants were mainly from two sources. From the State of Connecticut, near the mouth of the River of that name, and from the State of Massachusetts, in the vicinity of the mouth of the Merrimack River, including a number of towns in the lower part of this State.

The intervales upon the streams which flow through the town had strong attractions to the early settlers.

THE GREAT RIVER.

For a long time there was much inconvenience in passing over these streams. They were subject to sudden and great rises of water, overflowing their banks and carrying away bridges and mills. Many such occurrences are within the recollection of the old people. One man had his corn, while he was husking it, swept into his cellar and mingled with the mud. Families have been taken from their houses in boats. One woman, as the water rose, held her calf in the top of a tree. Property has been destroyed and lives have been lost. Yet who would be willing that this main branch of the Merrimack should be dried up, or diverted in its course to other regions? In its onward flow from all its branches, it probably carries more machinery than any other river in the world. Of it the late Judge WILLIAM M. RICHARDSON, in his early days, wrote in the following stanzas:

> Sweet Merrimack! Thy gentle stream
> Is fit for better poet's theme;

For rich thy waves and gentle too
As Rome's proud Tiber ever knew,
And thy current's placid swell
Would flow in classic song as well,
Yet on thy banks, so green, so sweet
Where wood nymphs, and naiads meet,
E'er since creation's earliest dawn
No son of song was ever born;
No muse's fairy feet e'er trod
Thy modest margin's verdant sod;
And mid times silent, feathery flight
Like many a coy maiden, pure and light
Sequestered in some blest retreat?
Far from the city and the great,
Thy virgin waves, the vales among
Have flowed neglected and unsung.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS FROM CONNECTICUT.

The two men who came first to this town were ISAAC FOX and WINTHROP FOX. They were from Connecticut. As it is generally believed by the old, they came in the Spring, 1762. It is reported that the people in Stephenstown, now Franklin, regarded it as perilous for them to remain in such a wilderness through the winter, and two men came up upon snow-shoes to look to their wants and found them tough and hearty, living upon fish, wild meat, and corn bread made from corn pounded in a mortar.

The following Spring came the wife of Isaac Fox, his son Isaac, and Mr. Enoch Taylor. Isaac Fox, senior, settled on the east side of the river, near where the bridge now stands. Isaac Fox, Jr., settled near on the opposite side, and Mr. Taylor some two miles above on the west side. The traditions in regard to the time of the settlement of the town are somewhat conflicting. But all accounts agree that when the first settlers came here there were no settlements between this place and Stephenstown or Franklin, and we know that some seven or eight families came to Plymouth, from Hollis in 1764. Fox having been here one year before his family, would

fix the time of his coming, as before stated, in 1762, and that of his family in 1763. This accords with the traditions of the oldest families in town. But it is generally believed that Enoch Taylor was with Mr. Fox that first winter. The first wedding in town is said to have been solemnized under a tree in the open field. The first male child born in town was Benaijah, son of Isaac Fox, 2d, January 20, 1769. A daughter of Hobart Spencer was born the same year. The two sons of Gen. Spencer secured valuable intervale lands. Hobart upon the Pemigewasset, and Joseph upon Beebe's River. Among others who had bought a right of land in town, was the widowed mother of Abel Willey. He was seventeen years of age when he came up with the Spencers in 1766. He cut down trees upon a piece of land next above Hobart Spencer's, and returned in the Autumn to his distant home. In the Spring he came up again, cleared his land, raised corn and grain and again spent the winter at home in Connecticut. In the Spring of 1768, he came with his mother and sisters, who had aided in the purchase of the right of land. This, it has been reported, made the fifth family in town. Hobart Spencer, with his family, came, probably, at the same time. The sister of Abel Willey became the wife of Benjamin Hoit and made the first family in Thornton. Their first child was the first born in that town. Joseph Spencer was among the earliest in town. The next year after Abel, came Darius Willey with his family of three children, his wife being the sister of Abel. They came upon two horses. The father and son upon one horse, and the mother with a babe in her arms, and daughter upon the other, and bringing with them articles for house-keeping and for farming and subduing the wilderness. Their journey led them, as we have reason to believe, in the most convenient route from the region of New London, Connecticut, to Worcester, Massachusetts and to

Nashua, New Hampshire, and then up the Merrimack river and its principal branch, the Pemigewassett, to this place,—the last forty miles being through a wilderness, and no road or bridge over any stream. They reached the town in the evening, much fatigued, and when upon the hill, as they were approaching Abel Willey's house, standing near where it now does, to their great joy they discovered through the trees the light of his fire. They gave a shout which was heard and returned, and the echo has not ceased in the ears of their posterity.

In October of 1769, Darius Willey was appointed one of a committee of the proprietors of the town to lay out the land and to give titles to it, to treat with adjoining towns as to boundaries—to lay out roads and see that work was done upon them. With him was associated William Hobart and Samuel Emerson, Esq. For their services they were to receive four shillings per day when out surveying and three shillings for other services. In this service, Mr. Willey continued ten or twelve years and aided in laying out a large part of the town. He died in 1823, aged 91.

Jesse Willey was soon here. Ebenezer Taylor was early in town, was the father of Oliver and Edward and of several daughters.

Asa Spencer from East Haddam was here in 1770. He went into the army in the Revolutionary war, and died there.

Israel Brainard from East Haddam, was here as early as 1772.

Chiliab Brainard was here about the same time. They were of the same family connection with Rev. David Brainard. Chiliab Brainard, an active, promising man with a family upon his hands, become deranged and remained so for many years and until his death.

FIRST INHABITANTS FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

The settlers from Massachusetts were early in town. Ebenezer Little, the elder, from Newburyport, was a large proprietor in the town and encouraged its settlement. He did not settle here himself; his son Moses came here and built mills and opened a store as early as 1768 or 1769, at the place where the late Judge Livermore afterwards resided. The dwelling house was built by him in the most substantial manner, and of such lumber as cannot now be obtained in the place. He died in 1813, leaving a property it was said, of $60,000. For more than half a century the place of his residence, though on the border of two towns, was a place of business for a large region around. For many years there was neither store or mills above this place. But in the changes of time, the importance of the place has greatly diminished. Under the influence of this family, large numbers came to the town from Newburyport and vicinity.

David Perkins from Hampton and his wife from Newburyport, came to the place and settled in the neighborhood of Mr. Little, and had charge of the buildings which he was then erecting. His name appears for twenty years in the early records of the town. He afterwards removed to Thornton, and was for many years a Deacon in the Congregational church in that place.

Daniel Wyatt from Newburyport, came to the place as early as 1769, and settled somewhat more than a mile above Mr. Little's, on the river. He became the miller where the grain was ground for the families in all the region, and daily walked from his dwelling to the mill for more than forty years. He was as regular at his post, whatever might be the weather, as the return of day. What boy during the first half century of the town did not know Deacon Wyatt? Often has each one as he came

to the mill with his load upon the horse's back, received from him a kind word, a useful suggestion or a solemn appeal. He was a man of decidedly christian character. His religious life commenced under the preaching of Whitefield and was maintained with unusual integrity to the last.

Joseph Pulsifer from Ipswich, and his wife from Newburyport, came here in 1769. She was then eighteen years of age, and came on horse-back upon a pillion, riding behind another person and never having been upon a horse before starting on their journey into the wilderness. They settled at first near and a little south of the church as it now stands. He afterwards sold his dwelling house to the town for a place of worship, and removed to the hill in the south part of the town. There in the midst of difficulties, common indeed to new settlers, but of which we can at present form no adequate conception, they brought up a family of ten children.

Jonathan Cone was among the early settlers, and was an active citizen for some twenty years. He afterwards spent his life in Thornton.

Nathaniel Tupper from Georgetown and his wife Hannah Choat from Essex, came to town in 1770 and settled on the plains where Deacon Clarke now lives. For a long time he was called Deacon Tupper, though he never sustained this office, indicating the public sentiment that he might well have sustained it. The preaching of Whitefield was blessed to his conversion in early life and had an influence upon the character of many other of the first settlers from the region of the scene of his labors near the close of his life.

Joseph Palmer from Rowley, Massachusetts, was in town as early as 1770 or 1771, and took an active part in the transactions of the town. He settled on the west side of the river and near to it. He had two sons and

several daughters who became the heads of large families.

The first town meeting of which we have the record, was held in 1772, and is as follows:

Moses Little, Esq., *Moderator.*

Col. Joseph Spencer, *Town Clerk.*

Capt. Gershom Burbank, Moses Little, Esq., James Harvel, Ebenezer Taylor, Benjamin Hickcox, *Selectmen.*

Jonathan Cone, *Constable.*

Samuel Cook, and Samuel Fuller, *Tythingmen.*

Nathaniel Tupper, and Joseph Pulsifer, *Fence Viewers.*

David Perkins, and Darius Willey, *Sealers of Leather.*

William Hobart, and Asa Spencer, *Surveyors of Highways.*

Joseph Palmer, and Joseph Pulsifer, *Surveyors of Lumber.*

Nathaniel Tupper, *Surveyor of Brick.*

Darius Willey, Isaac Fox, Benjamin Rug, *Hogreaves.*

Ebenezer Fowler, *Sealer of Weights and Measures.*

Voted, That a notice of town meeting hereafter be posted in two places.

NOTICES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

In the town records of 1773, there appear for the first time the names of Israel Brainard, Samuel Holmes, Jonah Chapman, Ebenezer Fowler, William Hobart. In 1774, John Southmayd, Hobart Spencer, Chiliab Brainard. In 1775, Thomas Bartlett, John Holmes, Edmond Elliot. In 1776, Carr Chase, from Newburyport. In 1777, Elias Cheney. In 1779, William Baker, and Moses Baker. In 1780, Jabez Church, a successful school teacher for many years.

Col. Joseph Spencer, son of Gen. Jabez Spencer, was among the earliest in town, and settled on the farm after-

wards occupied by Deacon William Baker, and now used for the poor of the town.

Samuel Holmes, from Hadlime, Connecticut, was here as early as 1771 or 1772. He bought lands of Joseph Spencer on Beebe's River, a portion of intervale of great productiveness when it was new. Young Holmes came up in the spring with his axe upon his back, and went into the woods, built him a camp, cut down trees and cleared land. His purpose was to return to his distant home in the Fall. But before he was ready to leave, the weather became cold and he needed additional covering for the night and means for cooking. He went to the store of Mr. Little to purchase a blanket and a kettle for present use, and asked to be trusted until he should come up again in the Spring. This, Mr. Little declined to do, an incident to which Holmes, after he became one of the wealthiest men in town, was sometimes disposed to call the attention of Little. In the following Spring Mr. Holmes came up with his wife, she bringing behind her on horse-back, her feather-bed and her copper tea-kettle rolled up within it. He made a table of a split log and she dried her cheese upon the timbers of the new barn frame. He soon became a man of consideration among the people, and was appointed to the first offices in town. He was a colonel in the militia, moderator of town meetings and was the first Representative of the town in the Legislature of the State in 1810 and in 1811. He sought the interests of the town, and often gave important aid to young men in setting out in life. He sustained with a strong hand the religious institutions of the town, and was active in building the first meeting house which was erected on the east side of the river. He gave land for a parsonage, and aided in the erection of the necessary buildings. When in closing up the business it was found that a debt still remained, he said to his neighbors that it

must be paid. "If you will pay one-half you may put the rest to my account." Such men are scarce, but of great value in any community. He died in 1823, at the age of 73. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

John Southmayd, from Hadlime, Connecticut, was in town as early as 1773. He is reported to have brought to the town $500, which was more money than any one had brought who came before him. He settled on the intervale east of Samuel Holmes. He married for his first wife, Prudence, the youngest sister of Abel Willey, in 1774. That wedding among the earliest in the place, was joyous and memorable. It occurred the day after the settlement of the first minister, Rev. Mr. Church, and was followed in less than two years by the death of the young wife and mother. His second wife was the daughter of Deacon Baker. By his superior education and mechanical skill, Esquire Southmayd was able to make himself useful to his neighbors and townsmen. He was a justice of the peace and town clerk for a long time. He was the only surveyor and a good carpenter. He and his neighbor Holmes were from the same town in Connecticut. On one occasion they visited there together and came back with different political bearings, the one inclining to the Federalist party and the other to the Democratic. When the inquiry was made "how this came about?" the answer was "they attended different schools." Esquire Southmayd was a leading politician. It is said of him that he voted the Democratic ticket when no other man in town voted with him.

Samuel Cook, from Newburyport, came to town in 1770. He settled on the west side of the river where Mr. Bickford now lives. He had a large family. His children, who became heads of families, were Samuel, Moody, Cutting, Charles, and Ephraim. One daughter became the

wife of Edmond Elliot, afterward of Thornton, and the other of Edmond March. Mr. Cook and his wife died so near together in 1790 that they were both buried in one grave.

Gershom Burbank, from Newburyport, was one of the earliest in town. He settled on the east side of the river in the north part of the town. He had previously been in the French war and with the army at the taking of Quebec. But not in the battle, for General Wolfe did not allow the colonial troops to ascend with him to the plains of Abraham. We afterwards find Mr. Burbank ready, at the call of his country, at the invasion of Burgoyne in 1777. He was in the regiment of Colonel Chase, was 1st Lieutenant in the Company of Captain Willoughby of Plymouth. Cutting Favor of New Chester, was 2d Lieutenant. He afterwards held a captain's commission, and was known for a long time as Captain Burbank. He was often one of the selectmen of the town, and in other important offices.

William Baker, from Epping, was in town in 1777 and probably earlier. He was a man of mature years when he came to the place, and was known as a christian man. He was a delegate to the first convention for the formation of a State Government, held at Concord, 1777. He was early appointed Deacon of the Church, and continued in this office while he lived. He died November 28, 1814, about fifteen minutes before the great earthquake.

Col. Moses Baker, brother of William, came to the town in 1778, from Candia, and was originally from Epping. He had sustained many important offices, and was able to make himself highly useful in this new town. He had taken an active part in the interests of the country, as the war drew on, and is known to have been in the command of a company of six weeks' men, in Candia, in 1775, called out by the Committee of Safety. He was, as

is believed, in the army at the time, if not in the battle at Bunker Hill, during the early part of the war. He was the Representative of this town in the Convention at Concord in 1781. He afterwards represented the three towns of Campton, Thornton, and Holderness, in the Legislature of the State for several years in succession. An incident is related of him, showing the pleasant intercourse which he had with the people of the town. He became paralytic in his advanced years. One side of him being disabled, — but a man of much dignity in his personal appearance. With his wife behind him upon a horse, as was the custom of riding in those days, he called to spend an afternoon at a neighbor's, the late Deacon David Bartlet. The latter was engaged as he often was, in making shoes. The Colonel would by no means interrupt his work, but sat with him. Dea. Bartlet was anxious to make some inquiries of him in regard to his spiritual interest. But as he was then a young man, he felt a difficulty in approaching a man of his years and standing in the community. At length he frankly told him how he felt in reference to speaking to him of his salvation. The reply of Colonel Baker was, "It is for this purpose that I have called upon you." "This," said Deacon Bartlett, "was the happiest afternoon I ever spent." Colonel Baker united with the christian church in 1802, and became an earnest christian man. In reference to this change which took place in his advanced years, he was accustomed to speak with admiring gratitude. "I have had many warnings and trials in the loss of friends and of property, but nothing has moved me to seek my salvation until God appeared in my late trial and cut me in two and paralyzed one half of me."

Benjamin Baker, brother of the above, was a patriot of the Revolution. He was in the war at the commencement of it, and suffered much. He settled in this town on the

west side of the river, but died early from his exposure in the army.

INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT.

The incidents connected with the removal of the early inhabitants from their former homes to this remote wilderness town, are many, and would be of great interest did we know them. Had our mothers and grandmothers given us in writing the stories which they have so often told us, we might have had a rich treat to-day. Some general facts we gather from their descendants. The early settlers were almost all young people, — the men from eighteen or nineteen, to twenty-one or twenty-two, and the women still younger.

What think you, young men of the present time, of starting off some hundreds of miles into the wilderness, with your axe upon your back, to make a home for yourselves, — and such a wilderness as was found here! What would the mothers of these times say to sending their daughters out as our grandmothers went, taking with them nothing but what could be carried on horse-back! But bravely did our ancestors encounter the hardships required of them, and we are enjoying the benefits of them. For a few years after the first settlers came here, they were obliged to go to Concord to mill, a distance of fifty miles through the woods.

An incident is related of one of the Scotch people, who were early settled above, upon this river, in the town of Thornton. He had been to Concord, with his hand-sled, to mill. On his return he spent the night in this town, and chose to live on his own provisions. He made of his corn-meal a thin pudding, and to his gratification, was furnished with a little salt, which in those times it was difficult to procure, and his remark was that he pitied no

man who had Indian meal and salt. There were times when crops failed, and then, as the settlers had no other source of supply, the stock of provisions became short. Two men were lately living who often related that their father, in a time of scarcity, went across these east mountains, to Sandwich, for meal, a distance of a dozen miles at least, and brought it home upon his back, and that their mother quickly made a johnny cake and sent it into the field to them where they were at work. Their united testimony was that no morsel they ever afterwards ate was as good. But except in a few such seasons, our fathers and their families had a supply of healthful food, and our mothers clean and neat houses, and no food was ever as good as that which they prepared for their children. The game taken in these woods was of great importance to the early settlers. The moose, the deer, and the bear, to say nothing of other kinds, were common, and our fathers were skilful hunters. Hobart Spencer, a man of great strength, on one occasion is said to have gone up to the foot of Mooschillock, where the moose was plenty, and brought home upon his back his own weight in moose meat. Colonel Webster of Plymouth, is said to have had, at one time, fifteen barrels. Fish were then abundant in these streams. The salmon was frequently taken in the Pemigewasset.

WITHOUT A DOCTOR.

You will be disposed to ask, perhaps, how the people did, when sick, before any doctor came to town. I cannot say, but it is quite certain that they raised up large families, enjoyed better health and lived longer than the generations in our time. Not in all cases, because they had no doctor, but because their habits of life favored health and longevity. In the times of their necessities

they aided each other, and we fear that the kindnesses and hospitalities of those days are but little known among us.

One of the earliest women on the ground, a widow of mature years, though not trained to the medical art, was accustomed to go when called, by day or by night, be the weather or the traveling what it might, on horse-back or on a handsled, over snow-drifts and through woods, and by her kind attentions, a large part of the first generation in this and neighboring towns, were aided in first breathing the vital air and seeing the light of day.

ARTICLES OF FOOD AND CLOTHING.

The articles of food, as given in another town, are believed to have been common in this. Bread was made of rye, or rye and Indian meal. Wheat was raised to a limited extent. Boiled pork and beef, broth, bean porridge, Indian pudding, boiled potatoes and turnips. Potatoes, however, were not largely raised. Three bushels being regarded as a great supply. Milk was much used when it could be had. For an exchange, sweetened cider with toasted bread was taken. Tea and coffee were very little used.

For clothes, men who had attained their growth, had a decent coat, vest, and small clothes or breeches, knee-buckles, and shoe-buckles. Only old men wore great coats and boots, which usually lasted for life. They wore thick leather shoes, woolen shirts in winter, and linen or tow in summer, and a silk handkerchief for the neck, which would usually last ten years. Shoes and stockings were not usually worn by the young in summer. As for boys, when they left off their petticoats, they put on breeches. This was the practice until pantaloons were introduced, which were called *tongs*. Young men never thought of great coats in those days.

As for the women, old and young, they wore flannel or pressed cloth gowns in winter. They were generally content with one calico dress. They wore checked aprons of linen. They wore high heeled shoes with peaked toes turned up at the point. As for bonnets, I can give no information. They could not have been smaller than those now worn.

CARRIAGES.

There were no carriages for more than forty years, and if there had been there were no roads or bridges for them. Colonel Holmes procured the first chaise and drove it into town on his return from the General Court in Concord in 1811. Many of you can speak of the first waggon you ever saw. They were not in use when I left town fifty years ago. All rode on horse-back, if they rode at all in summer. At every church and public place and at almost every man's door, was the horse-block. A place prepared especially for women from which to mount the horse. As for railroad cars, who had ever thought of them? Warm, comfortable rooms, carpeted and cushioned, and many joined together, filled with jolly folks, moving through the country at the rate of twenty miles to the hour—among rocks and stumps and trees, over hills and through the valleys and drawn by a boiling teakettle. The thought would have been ridiculous to them. But all this is now realized, and many of you have taken stock in them. As well might our fathers have conceived of a railroad to the top of the White Mountains, or to the moon.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The period of the revolutionary war was a season of trial to the new settlers. They had but recently come and

Sylvester Marsh, a native of this town, is the originator and agent for the construction of a railroad to the top of Mount Washington. One half of it is built. Success attend him.

gathered around them a few of the comforts and conveniencies of life. But many of them had not paid for their land, and the taxes, incident to the war, fell heavily upon them. One man, at least, with a growing family, proposed to Esquire Little to give up his land and his home. But being a cabinet-maker, he was encouraged to work the boards which were here, prepared from the birch and the maple. In this way he relieved himself and became useful to his townsmen.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

This town is said to have furnished ten soldiers for the war, besides those called at Burgoyne's invasion. Their names so far as we have them were: John Cannon, John Mayloy, Jeremiah Archibald, Silas Fox, Uriah Fox, Asa Spencer, Edward Taylor, and Oliver Taylor. Of the ten soldiers, five are reported to have died in the service.

BUNKER HILL.

It is remarkable that, at the battle of Bunker Hill, which aroused the whole country to the great conflict, the cannon should have been heard so far as to this town. But "it was distinctly heard, by applying the ear to the ground," says Dr. Whiton, in his history of the State, "at Hanover, at Haverhill, and Plymouth," and I may add, in this place. We have had such testimony, from those then living here, as cannot be doubted.

BURGOYNE'S INVASION.

In the progress of the war, the British commander in Canada, General Burgoyne made an advance upon this northern region which created great alarm. He came down through New York, and was approaching Vermont, when Gen. Stark was sent out by the Legislature of New Hamp-

shire, to oppose him. General Burgoyne had a powerful army made up in part of Hessian soldiers from Germany. He was confident of success. He had the tories for scouts and for spies, and an array of savages in his train. General Stark had collected his troops at Bennington, in Vermont, on the ninth of August, 1777, and soon ascertained that a large detachment of Burgoyne's army was approaching in command of Colonel Baum. After receiving a small reinforcement of Vermont militia, making his whole force sixteen hundred, he made an attack upon them, and after a short conflict compelled them to retreat. Two hundred and thirty Hessians lay dead upon the field; more than seven hundred prisoners were taken and among them Colonel Baum, who was mortally wounded. This, as Mr. Jefferson said in his letter to General Stark, in after years, was the first link in the chain of successes which led to the surrender of Burgoyne's army on the seventeenth of October following, and it may be added, was the first guarantee of the final attainment of American Independence. This event not only gave courage to the country, but decided the French Court to acknowledge our Independence, and to aid us in the conflict. This conflict brought Lafayette to our shores. The approach of Burgoyne's army occasioned a call for men from this town. It reached here on Saturday and the men were to march on Monday morning. One man, a careful observer of the Sabbath, was compelled to spend the day in making himself a pair of shoes. They went to Vermont, and hearing of the victory, returned to their homes.

THE TORIES.

The tories, you know, were numerous in the early part of the war. They were men who had been true to their King and to their country, and could not so readily embark in the interests of this new Republic. They were

found among all classes of the community, — ministers, lawyers and statesmen. They became objects of hatred and derision. Governor Wentworth fled from the State and country rather than encounter the rising spirit of liberty. Among the Scotch people in Thornton, there were two brothers, at one time, deliberating which side to join. They are represented to have been honest and faithful men. The one doubting the success of the colonies, went to Canada and joined the British army. The other was called out to meet Burgoyne. They met after his capture, the one a prisoner of war, to be sent to England to be exchanged; the other a triumphant American, to return to his family. Tories handcuffed, tied together by a rope, and that to a horse's tail, and marched off to the tune of Yankee doodle.

POLITICS OF THE TOWN.

Among the citizens of this town great harmony of political feeling and action prevailed in their early history. Washington was the spontaneous choice of the whole people of the country for their first chief magistrate. But no other one was ever elevated to this office without opposition.

Two parties were started in Washington's administration, known afterwards by the names of Federalist and Republican. The one advocating a strong general government, and the other a larger measure of liberty. The one made up of the men of wealth, character and influence; the other of young men, mechanics and the poorer class, and also of the planters of the South. Under different names two parties have ever since continued. The vote of this town was given for the Federal candidate, without dissent, up to 1801.

About this time two of the leading men of the town made a visit together to their native State, Connecticut,

and came back advocates for different political systems. The inquiry was made, why it was so? The answer was "that they attended different political schools. Then the minister of the town took an open stand in favor of the Republican, or as it is now known, the Democratic party. From this time a small but increasing portion of the votes were cast for that ticket.

In 1802, the vote of the town stood 83 to 4. In 1803, 115 to 17. In 1812, 107 to 20. In 1818, 132 to 23.

In 1829, Jacob Giddings was Moderator; Ebenezer Little, Representative. The vote for Governor stood 124 for Bell, and 62 for Pierce.

In 1830, Ebenezer Little was Representative. Vote for Governor stood 114 for Upham, and 77 for Harvey.

In 1831, John Keniston, Representative. Vote for Governor stood 100 for Dinsmore, and 106 for Bartlett.

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

The education of the young has ever been an important object with the citizens of this town, as their appropriations for this object from year to year will show. As has been seen, the charter of the town secured lands for the support of schools.

The first school taught by a man, was kept in the house of Col. Baker, by Mr. Rawson, a young man from Connecticut, not far from 1780. This was the only school which many of the first generation of the town ever attended. Some short schools were afterwards attended in other places. This deficiency in the means of education was made up to the young by the fidelity of their parents, particularly by the mothers. The mothers may be said to have been the educators of the first generation in this town. They required the word of God to be read to them, chapter after chapter, daily, and when it was read through it was begun again. A book better adapted to the pur-

poses of education never has been prepared. They were taught also to spell their mother tongue, as the records of the town and other public documents will show. In after time there were two school districts in town, one on each side of the river. They have since been increased from time to time, until we fear they have become injuriously small.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Many excellent teachers are remembered, and many there were, doubtless, who are not remembered, whose services have been worth more to the youth of this place than the compensation which they have received.

Among the early female teachers was Miss Sally Chapin, the daughter of Rev. Mr. Chapin. With her kind and gentle spirit and her skill in teaching, she did much in the formation of the intellectual and religious character of her pupils. The speaker is indebted to her in this respect. She lived to advanced years, and left some three or four thousand dollars for the benefit of the Freewill Baptist denomination.

Among the men who early taught here was Master Church, as everybody called him; for a long time a useful citizen of this town, and afterwards of Thornton. Master Norris was a long time a teacher in this place. He was a good reader, good in arithmetic and an unusually good penman. He did much towards the education of the young of his day, and left an impression, if not on their minds, yet on their hands quite skin deep. The late Deacon Allen, of Lebanon, taught in the village with good success, — more than fifty years ago.

Col. Enoch Colby, when he gave himself to the work, was a good teacher. Mr. Davis Baker did good service in this respect. Peabody Rogers, Esq., a young man of precocious intellect, taught in this town to great advan-

tage. A former citizen of this town, Jacob Giddings, Esq., now of Portland, Maine, was for many years a successful teacher in this town. Many young men from Dartmouth College, have taught here at different times and given elevation to the schools. Among them was the Rev. Isaac Rogers, for forty years the pastor of the church in Farmington, Maine. Rev. J. B. Richardson, D.D., a distinguished minister and agent of the American Bible Society in Central New York, taught the district school in the centre of the town, and music at the same time. Many other valuable men and many excellent females, who have at different times benefitted this town by their labors as teachers, it would be pleasant to call up before us, if we had the needful information.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

It is a fact of some interest that an effort was made by the proprietors to secure the establishment of Dartmouth College in this town. A committee was chosen in 1769 to visit Dr. Wheelock, and invite him to visit the place which it is said he did, for the purpose of examining its advantages for the College.

HOLMES' PLYMOUTH ACADEMY.

It is well known that Colonel Holmes more than fifty years ago gave $500 as the beginning of a fund for an Academy in Plymouth. Such an institution, bearing his name, had been established and was highly beneficial to all this part of the country. But we are not informed that any addition to this was ever made, and we ask today, where is Holmes' Plymouth Academy? and where are its funds?

THE SOCIAL LIBRARY.

A social library was early established in this town. It is well known that Dr. Belknap, the early historian of our State, urged this object upon the attention of all the new towns and that Dr. Emmons, who first preached the gospel in this town, set forth its importance in a discourse of great ability.

Rev. Mr. Church had an important agency in establishing the library in this town about the time of the close of his ministry here. It was increased from time to time by a tax on its members, and contained at times three hundred volumes. It embraced few, beside substantial works. It contained valuable histories, travels and biographies. A large portion of the young people made themselves familiar with Rollin's Ancient History. It was well supplied with the theology of New England, and with some of the best foreign works. The young people of the town read these books. It was common for them to have some one volume on hand, which in due time was returned for another. Not a few prided themselves in having read through the library. Their leisure hours and their evenings were given to such employments. It was a matter of deep regret to the sons and daughters of this town abroad, that this library should have been divided among the proprietors. We venture to suggest the inquiry whether many of these books cannot be called in again, others added to them, and the library re-established.

PROSPECTS OF YOUNG MEN.

Fifty years ago and previously the young men of the town, as they looked forward to a settlement in life, had their eye upon some piece of new and uncultivated land for a farm and a home. To secure this, after they were of age, *free*, as they called it at twenty-one, they would

work for some man who wished to hire, for $100 a year to secure the means of buying their land and of starting in the world. Colonel Holmes and other leading men took pleasure in aiding such enterprises. This continued the order of things until the land was so far taken up as to afford no encouragement of this kind. Other young men sought employment in the lower towns and in our cities, from whence they did not always return. The West has opened to us a vast field of emigration and many have left this town for those prairies. The name of your town has been transferred to one of the towns in Illinois.

YOUNG WOMEN.

The factories have given at different times employment to a large number of young women of the town. It is believed that there were at one time forty young women from this town in Lowell.

INDUSTRY AND TEMPERANCE.

The people of the town, it hardly need be said, have been an industrious people. They must have been, to have lived, yet they have secured a large share of the comforts of life for themselves and families. Many have obtained independence and wealth. Poverty has hardly been known here. The people of the town have generally been temperate. This was eminently true of the early settlers, and continued so long as the penalty for getting drunk was to dig up a pine stump. But when taverns were licensed to sell intoxicating drinks, one on each side of the river, and when the stores kept them for the free use of the people, their habits suffered, valuable citizens were in danger and were saved only by the temperance reform. In this place, this work has been thorough and of incalculable benefit.

DOCTORS OF THE TOWN.

We would not forget on this occasion to notice the men of skill in medical science, who have attended to the wants of the sick and the dying. Doctors Rogers and Robins of Plymouth, and Nichols of Thornton, practised in this place before any physician was established here. Jeduthan Clough from Canterbury, was the first doctor in the place. He settled here in 1802, and lived in the village. Doctor Angier was the next, and he lived also in the village. The third was Robert Morrison. He came here in 1814, and died in 1819. He was a young man of a genial spirit, of attractive manners and well skilled in his profession. He secured in an unusual degree, the esteem and confidence of the people. He was skilled in music and gathered the young people around him in the cultivation of it. In the revival of 1815, he was among the number who took a stand for Christ and was instrumental in leading others to the same decision. His sudden death was the occasion of general mourning.

Succeeding him was Dr. John Kimball. He had practised in the north part of the State, had returned to Hanover his native town in feeble health. Application was made by a young man in college from this place to Dr. Mussey, a leading professor in the Medical School, for a man suited to take the place of Dr. Morrison. Himself a decidedly religious man and having sympathy with the people here, he at once recommended Dr. Kimball, saying that he was one of the best read men who ever went forth from that institution. Dr. Kimball had a long and successful practice here, and will be remembered as a good physician and a remarkably conscientious and truly christian man. He removed to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

The first settlers of the town were generally young people, who had been religiously educated. The stern realities of life were before them and an opportunity was to be afforded for the development of their characters. They were not generally professedly religious. But the worship of God has been maintained in this town from the beginning. The first preacher of the gospel here was Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, afterwards Dr. Emmons of Franklin, Massachusetts. In 1771, he received a unanimous request from the inhabitants and from the proprietors of the town to become the settled pastor. That Mr. Emmons should have sought another field of labor is not a matter of surprise. The time of his being here was not more than four years after there were but five families in town, and there were not probably more than twenty at this time. But in each succeeding year renewed efforts were made to secure the preaching of the gospel, but with little success until the spring of 1774.

FORMATION OF THE CHURCH AND SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

At that time Rev. Selden Church, a graduate of Yale College in 1765, came to the place and was settled as pastor, June 2d, 1774. A Congregational church was organized the day previous at the house of Nathaniel Tupper. The early records of the church having been lost, we know little of these important events. The persons who constituted the church we have not the means of knowing. But we know that Nathaniel Tupper, David Perkins and Daniel Wyatt were religious men, and we may presume that they were among the earliest members. How many christian women of those days were united with them it would be pleasant to know.

ORDINATION.

Some particulars in regard to the ordination are of interest to us as matters of history. At 10 o'clock on Monday, the tenth of October, there was a town meeting to make the needful arrangements. Chiliab Brainard was moderator. It was voted that the town make a general entertainment on the occasion, and that the rum and sweetening be at the "town's cost"; that Darius Willey, David Perkins, Ebenezer Taylor, be a committee to take the oversight and see that all things were made ready at the time and place. Such an entertainment was deemed proper in those times.

Rum, the only intoxicating drink then used at all by the people, was an expensive article. It was used sparingly, and only on important occasions. The provision for it on this occasion, shows the importance of the occasion in their estimation. Could we know who were on this counsel, who preached the sermon and who performed the other parts of the services it would be a matter of interest to us.

The salary offered Mr. Church was fifty pounds lawful money per year for six years, then to be advanced five pounds per year until it should reach to seventy pounds. His settlement was one hundred and five pounds in labor and provisions. He was to have drawn thirty cords of wood, eight feet in length, each year.

Mr. Church commenced his ministry when there were not probably much beyond thirty families in town. But they were united and all attended meeting, notwithstanding the bad roads, and want of carriages. Their worship was held in a private house; first in that of Col. Joseph Spencer, and afterwards in that of Isaac Fox.

A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

In 1779, the town chose Moses Baker, John Holmes, and Daniel Wyatt a committee to agree with Joseph Pulsifer for his dwelling house for a house of worship. The purchase was made, and Samuel Holmes, and William Baker were appointed a committee "to plan the pew ground" and sell the same. The money raised in this way was to be laid out in the repairs of the house. This arrangement, it will be borne in mind, was made at the time when the expenses of the revolutionary war bore heavily upon the people. This house of worship was used also for a town house. Here Rev. Mr. Church preached some twelve or more years. In 1791, the town voted that the meeting house be removed to the brow of the hill near, and a little south of the place, where the road descends to cross the river. A boat was also prepared to accommodate the people on the west side of the river in attending meeting. In 1796 the town voted to build two meeting houses, one on each side of the River, at such place as shall be most convenient—board and shingle the same and allow the remainder to be done by the pew holders. This vote was reconsidered and made void in a following meeting. For many years meetings were held on both sides of the river. Every third Sabbath on the west side, for a time at least, at the house of Mr. Samuel Cook. It was under these circumstances that a portion of the people in the west part of the town began to attend worship at Plymouth, where some of our most valuable citizens have ever since attended.

The dwelling house of Rev. Mr. Church was a large gambrel roofed house where Dea. Brown's house now stands.

THE MINISTRY OF REV. MR. CHURCH.

From any view which we can take of his ministry it will appear to have been arduous and difficult. He came here when the town was new and the people poor. They lived remote from each other and the roads were bad and the stream often difficult to cross. The people of the town coming from different regions of the country did not at once harmonize. Those from Connecticut were generally a discreet, industrious and reliable people, and strongly attached to religious institutions, but few of them were professedly pious. They had been accustomed to the half way covenant and partook to some extent of the characteristics of the churches in their native State at that period, as we learn from the complaints made in regard to them, viz: "a want of a pungent application of the truth in preaching, a neglect of the proper qualifications in persons received into the church, and a want of proper church discipline." They had heard of the extravagances of Davenport and others and had little sympathy with the "new lights." But the people from Massachusetts came from under the preaching of Whitefield, of Parsons and Spring of Newburyport, and of Cleaveland of Ipswich. But under the discreet ministry of Mr. Church, a good degree of harmony prevailed among his people for sixteen or seventeen years. During the latter part of his ministry there was an awakened religious interest and a goodly number gathered into the church. But having been aware of a growing disaffection for some years, Mr. Church requested a dissolution of his pastoral relation in 1792. He remained in town and continued to preach and his salary was paid for a considerable time, and an effort was made for his resettlement, and it was thought at one time that it would be successful. But it was judged in the end to be inexpedient. The complaints of cavilers were that he was slow

in his delivery, — long in his sermons and that when the people with their families went to meeting upon an ox-sled they would not get home until after sunset. But that ministry must have been uncommonly pure, of which we have heard in after years so little that was derogatory. Those of us who came forward in the following generation have been in the habit of hearing no man spoken of with more respect than the Rev. Mr. Church. Whatever might have been said of other ministers, we have heard nothing evil of him. After a time he removed from the town and was settled in Northumberland, in Coos county. Here he spent the remainder of his life, both as a preacher and a teacher. Men are found in the higher walks of life who came forward under his instruction. It was a loss to lose from the town such a man at such a time.

THE FOLLOWING PERIOD.

There followed a dark period in the religious history of the town. Without any one to call off the attention of the people from their worldly interests, every one sought his own, and the interests of the Saviour's kingdom, and the welfare of the souls of men were neglected. It was at this time that Dea. Evans of Hebron, an earnest christian man of humble pretensions felt himself moved to come and warn the people of their danger, and invite them to Christ. His labors were blessed in arousing some of the people to a conviction of their sins and a sense of their danger, and a number of persons were hopefully led to the Saviour. Among them was Dea. John Wooster, Dea. Jonathan Burbank, Mr. Josiah Blaisdell and a number of valuable women.

NEW HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

In 1799 preparations were made for erecting a house of worship. It was to be done by the people on the east

side of the river, for their own and the use of their families. It required a great effort on the part of individuals. The people in the west part of the town generally at this time found their home in the church at Plymouth, where their aid was much needed in sustaining the institutions of religion. The new house of worship was finished in 1802. It stood south of Mr. David Bartlett's and in front of the old burying ground. It is remembered by multitudes as the gate of heaven. No other place on earth has the same interest to them. Some of us now living, after forty years, can recall the occupant of every pew in that house. It had high galleries, a high pulpit, the sounding board above it, and the deacons sat below it. There we heard and praised and prayed.

REV. MR. CHAPIN.

The first preacher in the new house was Rev. Peletiah Chapin. He had labored occasionally in the place. In 1800 he proposed to the people that he would preach to them for a time on condition that they would furnish board for himself, wife and daughter. He was invited to settle with them, but he declined, saying that he was like his horse, sure to break away if tied. With some abatement on the score of eccentricity, Mr. Chapin labored here successfully for about five years.

RENEWAL OF COVENANT.

The third of April, 1800, the church renewed their covenant, Rev. Noah Worcester being present and aiding in the services. The names of those who signed it were as follows: Nathaniel Tupper and wife; Dea. Daniel Wyatt; Jonathan Burbank and wife; David Bartlett; Josiah Blaisdell; Deborah Willey, the wife of Jesse Willey; Dea. Baker and wife. Afterwards, Rev. Peletiah Chapin and Joshua Rogers. Twelve in all.

In 1802, the following persons became connected with the church: viz., Tristram Bartlett, Mary Willey, Moses Baker and wife, Sarah Rogers, David Wooster, Ruth Southmayd and Olive Durgin, making twenty members. About three years after, in 1805, Rev. Mr. Chapin avowed his dissent from the Congregational church, and united with a Baptist church in a neighboring town. About one third of the church gradually came into sympathy with him.

Rev. Mr. Chapin was invited still to continue his ministry in the parish. But he replied that a man would be a fool to attempt to lead others right while he did not do right himself. He sat up a separate meeting in town which was attended by those in sympathy with him. Many of these persons were owners in the new meeting house, and claimed their share of it. A certain portion of the time was assigned to them and the house was occupied by them, while the Congregational church and society worshipped in a school house. At length the portion of the house owned by the Baptist people was purchased by the Congregational society.

Mr. Chapin preached frequently in different parts of this town and in other towns, but as we are informed by the Baptist people, was not active in the formation of the Baptist church in the north part of the town, in 1811, and was never its pastor. At one time he was called upon for a tax of fifty cents, and he said it was more money than he had received for preaching for ten years.

At the election of Mr. Jefferson as President of the United States in 1801, Mr. Chapin took strong ground in his favor. At one time while he acted as pastor, Dr. John Rogers of Plymouth delivered a political address in the meeting house on the fourth of July. Mr. Chapin was invited to be present but refused. On the following Sabbath he commenced his services by reading the hymn

commencing with the following lines, "I lift my banner saith the Lord, where anti-Christ hath stood." He afterwards had a controversy with Dr. Rogers, which was carried on in poetry. He was a man of kind and generous feelings. He once met a boy near his own home in a cold day without a coat. He took off his own and placed it upon him. Mr. Chapin often preached impressively. He lived to an advanced age, and expressed his thankfulness that his different faculties failed alike, that he was not wholly deprived of any one of them.

REV. DANIEL STANIFORD.

Rev. Daniel Staniford was employed to preach for one year in 1806. He was a man of feeble health; of a clear and cultivated mind, and earnest in his work. He did much to establish the minds of the people in the doctrines of the gospel and in giving stability to the church.

JOHN WEBBER.

John Webber, a graduate of Dartmouth College and brother of President Webber of Harvard College, was settled here in the ministry in 1812. He was a man of much information and would have done more for the people if his salary had met the wants of his family. For their support he was obliged to labor upon the land. His ministry was of only three or four years continuance and was useful in enlarging the views of the people on many of the principles of theology. He was of an active mind and loved a joke. Riding with a young man of easy morals, he remarked to him that he did not always see him at church. The young man replied that there were other places of worship of different denominations in the vicinity and that he usually attended somewhere, and added, "You know a change of pasture makes fat calves." Said Mr. Webber, "I knew an instance where a calf was

permitted to suck two cows through the season." And "what was the result," said the young man? The answer was, "*A great calf.*" Mr. Webber was dismissed in the early part of 1815, and removed to Ohio.

SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS.

To human view the prospect for the spiritual interests of the place was never more unpromising than at this time. The active members of the church were reduced to a handful, not more than six in number. They were persons advanced in years. The parish was unable to support a minister, worldliness prevailed and the young, a large number of whom were in town at this time, were given to their pleasures. The faith of the people of God had no earthly supports, but rested upon the grace of God and the promises of his word. Such was the time which a merciful God chose to work like himself. It was afterwards remarked that the darkest time was just before day.

GREAT REVIVAL.

He first visited His people with judgments, one of which was as follows: At the raising of a house near the present church and town house, after the broad side was thrown up, the poles were unfastened and thrown down. One of them struck upon the head of a young man and caused his death. It was a terrible event and shocked the whole community. The young man was one of the sprightliest and most attractive in the town. They carried him to his grave. But the event was not forgotten. The building remained unfinished for some years, a remembrancer to all passers by. At length an attempt was made to gather the materials for finishing it. The father of the young man being skilled in the business, went into

the woods with others to prepare the shingles. After felling a suitable tree, while setting upon it between two other men, a limb which had been broken, and was held in the top of other trees, fell and instantly killed this man while the other men remained uninjured. The death of this young man, as it afterwards appeared, was the means of the awakening of many of the young people to their immortal interests; and the afflicted mother, a lovely member of the Baptist church, remarked that this circumstance aided greatly in reconciling her to the loss of her son.

Rev. Mr. Hardy preached to the people for a time in the early part of this season, — a man wanting in eloquence, but an able and godly man. The providence of God also preached, — the Spirit of God was present in an unusual degree to convince us of sin. The people generally were aroused from their stupidity and many made the inquiry what they should do to be saved. A young man who had been attending school at Haverhill, where there had been an extensive revival, returned and commenced holding meetings for the young in the school house, in the intermission of public worship. These meetings were soon largely attended. The aged and experienced members of the church were now in requisition to guide the young to the Saviour. In the fall of this year, Rev. Mr. McKeen preached for a time. Not a few owe the life of their souls to his faithfulness. About the beginning of the following year, Mr. Warren Day came to the place. He had studied theology with Rev. Dr. Shurtlief, was a young man of humble pretensions, not distinguished for eloquence, but was evidently one whom God had raised up in his Providence to labor in his vineyard. He preached the truth of God from his heart and God spoke through him to the people. They had also a hearing ear and an understanding heart given to them

and received the truth in the love of it. Some of the texts from which he preached that winter will be remembered by many while they live. One young man in after years was able to recall every text which was preached upon that winter and in the order in which they were brought forward. Many families were largely blessed. Parents and children were made the subjects of renewing grace. There were a number who united with the church on the first Sabbath in January, 1816. A larger number on the first Sabbath in March. The whole number added in the course of the year, as fruits of that revival, was about seventy; and others were added afterwards to the number, in the whole of about one hundred.

REMARKS OF MR. MARSH.

The following are the remarks of Rev. Christopher Marsh, at the ordination of Rev. Worcester Willey, a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1844:

"Twenty-nine years ago at this time, I was inquiring what I must do to be saved. The second Sabbath in January, following, I was one of thirteen, who in this house publicly professed Christ before the world. An interesting revival of religion was then in progress, which brought a large number into the church. From all my knowledge of that revival, its origin, its progress and results, and from all the experience I have had in revivals in other places from that time to this, I am in the habit of thinking of the revival in this town in 1815–16, as the most precious and the freest from anything spurious or exceptionable, of any revival which has fallen under my observation. I ascribe this to the ever to be remembered fact, that the families connected with this church and congregation so habitually observed the Sabbath and attended public worship, and so generally read Baxter's,

Davies, and Emmons' sermons, Edwards' works and other kindred books from the library of the town.

From this revival, six young men entered the ministry, and another with the ministry in view, died while a member of College. Since that revival this church has experienced other seasons of refreshing, and converts have been multiplied. We can now say that not less than eight, among the rocks and hills and everlasting mountains of this obscure town, have been counted worthy to be put into the ministry. Other towns may be more beautiful for situation, may have more sons at the bar, on the bench and in the councils of the nation. But this town will not be wanting in beauty so long as she raises up from her sons, pastors and churches and missionaries to the heathen. This town will not be wanting in fame so long as she sends forth heralds to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and furnished men to lead onward and upward the sacramental host of God's elect."

Rev. Mr. Hovey, a man advanced in life, preached for a time after Rev. Mr. Day left, and faithfully instructed those who had entered upon the christian's life. Rev. Mr. Fairbank of Plymouth, aided much in this work.

REV. MR. BROWN.

In the fall of the year, Mr. Amos P. Brown, who had studied Theology with Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscawen, was invited to labor here, and in January 1, 1817, was settled as pastor of the church. A general prosperity attended his ministry of five years.

PARSONAGE.

During this time the land for the present parsonage was given to the society by Col. Samuel Holmes. It con-

sisted of twelve or sixteen acres in an uncultivated state. He gave also fifteen dollars towards the erection of a dwelling house and also boarded the workmen while at work upon it. The old men of the parish undertook to build the house and the young men the barn. When the whole was completed, it was found that there was a debt of one hundred and fifty dollars. Colonel Holmes said to the leading men of the parish, "You become obligated for one-half of it, and you may put the other half to my account." It was done in a few minutes. Rev. Mr. Brown was dismissed at his own request in June, 1822. He removed into the western country and there spent a useful ministry, mainly in the State of Illinois. There succeeded a period of two years in which the church had no settled pastor. But there was such ability in the church, that when they had no preaching upon the Sabbath, the worship of God was sustained with interest, and also the meetings of the week.

REV. MR. RANKIN.

During this time, Rev. Mr. Rankin for a season, preached on alternate Sabbaths in this town and in Thornton. Both parishes made advances towards securing him as their minister. But the people of Thornton moved first, and he became a useful minister there for a time.

NEW CHURCH ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE RIVER.

In 1824, the people on the west side of the river, who had been accustomed to attend worship at Plymouth, united in forming a second Congregational Society in this town. They built a house of worship not far from where the road now crossing the river meets the road upon the west side. Christian people there united with the church on the east side and worship was maintained on both sides of the river on alternate Sabbaths.

REV. MR. HALE.

In the Spring of 1824, Rev. Jonathan L. Hale from Connecticut, who had been laboring with much success in Colebrook in Coos county, was invited to this place. His services were highly acceptable to the people and he was installed here June 23, 1824. The presence of God was specially present with his people as they entered the new house of worship. The men who had built it, the larger portion of whom were young, had made great efforts for the purpose, and a large number of them and their families embraced the offers of the gospel and yielded themselves to the services of their Lord. Others on the east side of the river were interested, and some thirty were added to the church. There were still, as there always had been, many difficulties experienced in crossing the river to attend meeting. They could ford the river in Summer, and pass over it in Winter upon the ice. But there were seasons when to do this was dangerous.

A MAN IN THE RIVER.

On one occasion, as the people had begun their worship in the new house, a man who was a little late, saw a man break through the ice and sink in the water. He rushed into the church and exclaimed that a man was drowning n the river! The house was soon emptied and the man was found clinging to the breaking ice, as one piece after another gave away. He was at length rescued in an exhausted state. He proved to be the beloved physician, Dr. Kimball. He had attended meeting in the forenoon, and was called away in the afternoon.

A NEW BRIDGE.

This and other like perils, led the people to feel the importance of a bridge across the river. A subscription

of one thousand dollars was raised for this purpose, of which Rev. Mr. Hale gave one hundred dollars. The bridge was built in 1829. Now the people wonder how their fathers could ever have done without a bridge in that place.

PROSPERITY OF THE SOCIETY.

The Church and Society were now able to sustain their own institutions and to aid the benevolent enterprises abroad. Rev. Mr. Hale stated that his parish made up of about forty families, promptly furnished him his salary and contributed annually about four hundred dollars for the various benevolent objects of the day.

CHURCH DIFFICULTIES.

After some six or seven years, from the settlement of Rev. Mr. Hale, difficulties grew up in the church. Brethren became alienated from each other, and we fear were not in a condition to receive a blessing; and that in consequence that favored year of 1831, which brought such large blessings to the churches of our land, failed to secure to this church the good which it might otherwise have received. A protracted meeting of three days was blessed to the awakening of the people, and twelve became hopefully christians and united with the church.

MR. HALE'S REMOVAL.

In 1832 Rev. Mr. Hale buried his wife, and afterwards sought a release from his pastoral charge. He had three children who lived to years of maturity, two sons and one daughter. The two sons went down to the grave in early manhood, leaving cheering evidence of their preparedness for the kingdom of God above. The daughter survives, — the wife of Rev. Lauren Armsby of Candia, — from whom we have the following facts:

MRS. ARMSBY'S LETTER.

"My father, Rev. Jonathan Lee Hale, was the son of Judge Nathan Hale of Goshen, Connecticut, and was born May 31, 1790. He graduated at Middlebury College, in the year 1819. After completing the theological course at Andover Seminary in 1822, he labored one year in Colebrook, New Hampshire, under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society. He was ordained in Campton, June 23d, 1824; dismissed April 18th, 1832. His second settlement was in Windham, Maine, in 1832.

In the summer of 1834 he took a violent cold, while returning from an exchange with a brother minister. His lungs became seriously affected and he was advised by physicians to spend the ensuing winter at the South. In October, 1834, he sailed for Savannah, Georgia, in company with Rev. Mr. Pomeroy of Gorham, Maine.

The following notice of his death, I copy from a paper published in Savannah, Georgia:

DEATH OF REV. MR. HALE.

"Died January 15th, 1835, on the Island of Skidaway, near Savannah, at the house of David E. Adams, Esq., Rev. Jonathan Lee Hale, aged 44. He had repaired, at too late a period of a pulmonary complaint, to this salutary climate for the benefit of his health, and died in the bosom of christian sympathy and kindness. His body was brought to the church at White Bluff, and after an appropriate sermon by the Rev. Willierd Preston of Savannah, and fervent prayers for the far distant widow and three orphan children, it was committed to the grave in the church burial ground of White Bluff, seven miles south of the city of Savannah."

Thus passed away from earth this beloved father

whose memory is still fresh, though I was but a child of eight years at his death.

ELIZA LEE ARMSBY."

DR. STONE'S MINISTRY.

The following year Rev. Benjamin P. Stone, D. D., was installed pastor of this church. He was settled for the limited time of five years. During this time the difficulties were removed, and the church enjoyed again harmony and spiritual prosperity. About thirty were added to the church. Had it not been for this unfortunate limitation, this order of things, so far as we can see, might have continued, and a long pastorate been enjoyed;—a blessing of which this church has never known, the longest being that of Rev. Mr. Church, the first minister.

OTHER MINISTERS.

The other ministers of this church who have served them for a time, have been Rev. Thomas P. Beach, who removed to Ohio and died there; Rev. Charles Shedd, now in active service in Minnesota.

DEACONS' MEETINGS.

There have been times when this church has been without a minister for months, and for years together. Religious services were conducted by the Deacons and other leading members of the church. Deacons Baker, Wyatt, Bartlett and Burbank have been long held in esteem for the part they took in these services. It required much care and labor to procure and select suitable discourses, to read them and to perform the other services in the appropriate manner in which they were performed. This, from his situation in the parish, and from his qualifications, devolved much upon Dea. David Bartlett. To no

other man has this church been so much indebted in all its interests as to him, for more than forty years. Another fact of interest is that these services, upon the Sabbath, were encouraged and attended habitually by the principal families of the town, and their importance in its past history can hardly be over-estimated.

THE PRIVILEGE OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

At the altar of this church have been made vows which have been recorded in heaven, covenant engagements which have not been violated, and by its mutual aids and sympathies a goodly number in their pilgrimage of trials, have been comforted, supported and nourished up to eternal life, and

> When God makes up his last account
> Of natives in his holy mount,
> 'Twill be an honor to appear
> As one new born and nourished there.

THE CHURCH A BLESSING.

The history of this church for a period of a little more than sixty years, which has now been under review, shows abundantly its earthly connections, its human infirmities and also its heavenly origin and its spiritual life. No impartial observer can fail to see that it has been connected with all that has been good and valuable in this community,—the intelligence, the enterprise and the civility which has characterized the people of the place from the beginning, as well as with the religious and eternal interests of men.

WITHOUT A CHURCH.

Without the church there would have been no general and proper observance of the christian Sabbath,—no religious worship maintained either in the church or in

families,—there would have been no such successions of pious men and women as there have been, and no such peaceful and triumphant deaths as have been known here. Without a church the christian ministry could not have been sustained and there would have been no one to have attended funerals. The whole town is, therefore, indebted to the church for much more than we have ever supposed. Without a church, a Sabbath and a christian people, God the Saviour would not have dwelt with this community as he has for the two generations under review.

DIFFICULTY OF SUSTAINING IT.

It has required effort and sacrifices from the beginning to sustain the interest of this church. Families in moderate circumstances have not known how to meet the expenses which, from this cause, have come upon them. But in view of the past we ask what money has been better appropriated, what expenditure has turned to better account? Who have been the prosperous and happy families for a course of years? They who have neglected the house of God or they who have come up fully to their proportion in supporting the institutions of religion? We court examination on this subject. May the present generation learn wisdom from the past and as they would secure the good order and prosperity of the community, the virtue and intelligence of families, and the eternal welfare of all, let them cherish their pious people. Let them seek the welfare of the churches; let them sustain and attend upon the preaching of the gospel, and bring their children to the Sabbath School.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE PAST.

The experience of the past dictate this as the course of wisdom. Let the following be the sentiment of each

family in town, in reference to its own church: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Then may we expect that God will have a people here, that he will be with them and bless them in generations to come. "Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

NOTICE OF OTHER CHURCHES.

The early history of this ancient church has been somewhat minutely given, because of its intimate connection with the history of the town, and because the materials were at hand, as they might not be again. Other churches of importance have since arisen, but their history comes mainly within the modern history of the town which it is not the present purpose to give.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Of the Baptist church in the village in the north part of the town, it should be said that it was formed in 1811 and that worship has ever since been maintained there. Rev. Mr. Tripp was the first pastor and continued nine years. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Barron, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Rev. Mr. Huntley and others. This church has embraced many valuable christian people, whose influence has been felt for the benefit of the town. Her ministers have done important services in town. Several interesting revivals have been enjoyed there and the church has been a blessing to the region around. It has now a good house of worship and must be held responsible for furnishing religious instruction to the people in that vicinity. May the presence of a common Saviour be with them.

FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH.

A Freewill Baptist church was formed in the west part of the town in 1835, with seven members. Rev. Horace Webber was the first pastor. Several seasons of revival have been enjoyed in this church and additions made to its numbers at different times. The house of worship was built in 1853, and the church now consists of eighty-eight members. These three churches, now named, are well situated to meet the religious wants of the town. Though of different denominations, may they in their several fields seek the honor of their common Lord, and the salvation of their fellow men, and have a part in the coming of the kingdom of our Lord.

FUTURE PROSPERITY.

Our thoughts are drawn to the future of the town. The territory is to be occupied by generation after generation in all time to come. These fields, hills and plains are to be theirs after we sleep in our graves. We welcome them to this occupancy and would have them know that all this land has been worked over by busy hands. Some portion of the land, which was valuable and productive when new, has become barren and many barren places, nnder cultivation, have become fertile.

ANCIENT APPEARANCE OF THE HILLS.

Fifty years ago these hills, now covered with so luxuriant a foliage, were covered with the dark spruce and pine, with their sharp tops pointing to the skies, and after a time they were one after another burned over, the green growth killed to dry in the sun and decay. Another fire would then occur at the dry season and the people were in this way often reminded of Mount Sinai, when

the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mountains. In this way, in successive years, every vegetable substance upon these hills decayed and was burned up and nothing but the bald and rugged rocks of different colors appeared. The whole scenery of the place was rough and unsightly. Had this general aspect remained, your town would hardly have been sought as it now is for the beauty of its scenery. The grandeur was here, but not the beauty.

THEIR PRESENT BEAUTY.

The vast piles of rocks are now covered with a foliage which surpasses in luxuriance and beauty almost any part of the land. An article in a newspaper of the day has the following:

"Campton has often been termed the rival of Conway. The two have been compared to a pair of scales, of which the intervening mountains form the beam. The beautiful intervales, broad meadows waving with grain, the graceful grouping of the elms and maples, all seem as if fitted and placed in the most desirable position that nature may exhibit her treasures in the loveliest forms. No wonder that artists linger here and attempt to transmit the beauties of these scenes to canvass. There are views from different places in this town, which are hardly equalled any where else.

WELCOME TO COMING GENERATIONS.

The coming generations are welcomed to all that is grand and beautiful among our hills, and also to the institutions established by the fathers of the town, — to the schools, to the churches and to our puritan Sabbaths. But we admonish you that if you would live and prosper here, habits of stern industry and of the closest economy

must be adopted. If your object be ease, and wealth for your children, you will turn to our cities or to the west. But if you would bring forward a family to be respected and honored and who can live anywhere, let them come forward with the virtues and habits of industry and economy practised among this people. Such are the men who are making their mark abroad, and who are first and foremost in the enterprises of our times, and New Hampshire has sent forth more of them than any other State in the Union.

CARE OF THE GRAVE YARDS.

To the care of coming generations in all time, we commit the graves of our fathers and mothers and dear ones. To each generation we commit this sacred trust. The burying ground upon the hill near the place of the old church was procured and established by vote of the town in 1776, and at the same time the burying ground upon the west side of the river. These and other places of sepulture within the town, are God's acre, and we trust will be properly cared for. From these graves are to come forth glorious forms at the final consummation of all things. Let no sacrilegious hand be laid upon them.

SONG COMPOSED BY E. PRONK,

SEPTEMBER 12th, 1867.

This town was all a forest deep,
One hundred years ago,
The vales were low, the hills were steep,
And rivers wandered through.

A few brave men, a pilgrim band,
Sought this far-off location,—
They saw it was a goodly land,
And here they fixed their station.

From time to time more settlers came,
And many a spot was camped on;
At length the town must have a name,
And so they called it Campton.
Now wake the harp, and tune the lyre,
To sing of ancient days,
This rural theme the song inspire,
To sound old Campton's praise.

In homespun were the people dressed,
Of woolen, tow or linen,
Their Sunday suits, which were the best,
Were neatly made by women.
And women then could wash and bake,
And also were good spinners,
The maids could ply the hoe and rake,
While matrons cooked the dinners.

Our fathers' raised a house of prayer,
When few there were to build it,
And every Sabbath, foul or fair,
The people nobly filled it.
To meeting went, both young and old,
'Twas then but little trouble,
For none would keep a horse we're told,
That would not carry double.

So all on horse-back then did ride,
Unless they went by sledding.
And e'en the bridegroom and the bride,
Rode double to the wedding,

And though the girls, we're told 'tis true,
Could not then dance cotillions,
We know that all the country through
They used to ride on pillions.

And now the times, we say, improve,
And learning is more plenty,
At railroad pace the people move,
And when they're five and twenty.
They've gone the rounds of learned lore,
Are fit for any station,
Then quickly pass, are seen no more,
And thus goes on the nation.

This season be a land-mark strong,
To guide us on our way,
And as we pass through life along,
Let us not go astray.
To good old days we'll bid adieu,
And so we'll travel on,
We'll wish for all, good hearts and true,
And now wind up our song.

CLERGYMEN OF CAMPTON.

BY REV. DANIEL PULSIFER.

MR. PRESIDENT—*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Gladly would I speak of those, who, from the early settlement of the town, have preached the gospel in Campton, and to the credit of the early settlers, for intelligence and piety, mention *him*, who was subsequently

known as Dr. Emmons, as the person who was called to be the *first* minister of the town. I would also speak of him who actually was the first settled minister of the town, and whose benevolent regard for the good of the people, after he was dismissed from a pastorate of near twenty years, prompted him to get up a social library consisting of the most valuable books then extant, and which had great influence in forming the minds and moulding the character of the community. I should be pleased to speak of Rev. Daniel Staniford, an excellent minister, and of Rev. Warren Day and Rev. Jonathan L. Hale, men of much prayer, and who could not rest without success in their ministry, and of others also to whom the words of the poet were applicable:

> Whose hearts are warm,
> Whose hands are pure,—whose doctrine and whose life,
> Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
> That they are honest in the sacred cause.

But these have been mentioned already, and I must confine my remarks to natives of Campton who have entered the ministry. But, Mr. President, is the juror allowed to sit upon a matter in which he is interested? Or is the jurist's argument relied upon when his interest is identified with that of his client? But with one exception, perhaps I may be allowed to speak of these men.

I am not aware that any native of Campton entered the ministry till after the revival of religion in 1815. Not very far from this time, events occurred in this town worthy of particular note. As far back as that when the laws of New Hampshire required males from sixteen to forty years of age to be enrolled in the militia, and all military companies to meet in the month of June, annually, for inspection and drill. And custom, almost as binding as law, required soldiers to visit their officers on these occasions, burn powder and drink rum in honor of

their superiors. Two or three years previous to 1815, a young man of this town had the thumb of his left hand torn away by his gun's splitting which was probably one cause of his afterward going to Haverhill to attend the Academy. Another young man not far from this time, was killed at the raising of a house frame. This last event led some young minds in this town to more serious thought than they had been in the habit of entertaining. In the Autumn of 1815, the Haverhill student was hopefully born again in a revival of religion in the Academy where he was studying. On the first Sabbath after his return from Haverhill, this young man, with affections warmed into life by the love of God shed abroad in his heart, invited his young associates to go with him during the interim of public worship, to a school house near the meeting house, where he read to them an address on the subject of religion which had then been recently delivered to the students of Nassau Hall. This proved a good beginning. The next Sabbath the house was filled, the windows raised and many stood at them listening, while prayers were offered and addresses delivered. After this these meetings were held at the house of Dea. David Bartlett.

But from this time the work of revival went on, till the hopeful converts numbered nearly one hundred. Of these, nine subsequently entered the ministry, if we include Christopher Marsh, who was hopefully converted at Haverhill, and George Elliott, who was a subject of this revival, though a native of Thornton. There was also another subject of this revival who consecrated himself to the work of the ministry, but was called away by death while a member of college, viz: Leonard Willey. In speaking of these men I think that I shall speak truly and give no offence to any one, when I utter the opinion that the Haverhill student, who did so much to promote

the revival in this town, to which I have alluded, was not only first in point of time to enter the ministry, but was first also in talent, first in piety, first in real consecration to the work, being as we have reason to believe, richly anointed with the Holy Spirit. And he was the first also whom Infinite wisdom saw best to call home to the bright world of glory, to enjoy God's love in heaven; where, doubtless, many souls are received as seals of his ministry and as stars in the crown of his rejoicing. Christopher Marsh should long be remembered with thanksgiving to God, by the good people of Campton. And probably many in other places have reason to thank God for putting him into the ministry.

Perhaps, in point of talent, piety and a prospect for usefulness, we ought to place next to Mr. Marsh the individual who was called home to glory during his collegiate course. Leonard Willey was no unpromising youth; but God saw best to take him, ere he was prepared to enter the ministry, to higher services in glory.

There have been revivals of religion in Campton, and many hopeful conversions since 1815, and some of these converts too have entered the ministry, making the whole number not less than fourteen, thirteen of whom are now living so far as known, besides Leonard Willey who consecrated himself to the work, but died ere his preparation was completed.

Inhabitants of Campton, especially natives, what matter of gratitude to the God of all grace that from time to time He has granted the influences of His Spirit, and so gloriously revived his work. And in addition to this, that there have been so many, who cannot only thank God for sending His Spirit into their hearts and drawing them to Christ, but, as we humbly hope, can add "I thank Jesus Christ my Lord, for that He counted me faithful in putting me into the ministry." God grant that

all these now living may carefully examine themselves, and be found faithful unto the end. I think one of this number may well be particularized here, as having suffered much during the late rebellion; having to forsake all, flee for his life, and yet was, at last, taken by the rebels and their sympathizers among the Indians, and probably would have lost his life but for the persevering efforts of an affectionate, and beloved daughter. I refer to Rev. Worcester Willey, missionary among the Indians. And let me so far advocate woman's rights as to mention another individual, a lady missionary, a native of this town who was subjected to similar sufferings to those of Mr. Willey. I refer now to Mrs. Palmer, whose maiden name was Eliza Giddings. There is another individual who I think should not be forgotten in this connection, for though he never entered the ministry, he was a faithful missionary among the Indians for several years. This individual was a fatherless boy of some twelve or thirteen years of age, in 1830 or 1831, when he attended a protracted religious meeting at Plymouth, where he was hopefully converted, and immediately became a missionary in an important sense, as he immediately commenced striving to persuade his associates to become christians. On Sabbath noon, he might be seen conversing with those near his own age on this all-important subject. He seemed to feel, from the very beginning of his christian course, that his own ease, convenience and comfort must be entirely subservient to God's will. Accordingly, though he was naturally near sighted and had wholly lost the sight of one eye, he felt that he must try to prepare himself to be useful. He attended the Academy at Plymouth, when Rev. Samuel Reed Hall was principal, and acquired a very good common education. He then offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was accepted and sent as a teacher among the

Indians, where he continued his faithful labors till blindness prevented his doing more. He then took up his connexion with the Board and soon after died, full of love to God and the souls of men. It was said of him by a person of excellent judgment, who knew him well, "I never knew so self-denying a man as Charles Pulsifer." Will our christian friends be pleased to offer their prayers for clergymen, natives of Campton, who may be still living, that they may ever stand firm in God's counsel, and as they have strength and opportunity cause the people to hear His Word; being preserved by Him who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks and holdeth the stars in his right hand.

And now as we have been looking back upon some few events of the past, how naturally are we drawn to anticipate the future, and earnestly entreat Him who ever lives and watches over the interests of His kindgom upon the earth, who waits to be gracious, hears prayer and is ready to bestow His blessing, that He will in the century to come, revive His work an hundred fold in Campton, and in other places through the land and world; and far down in the hearts of great multitudes cause to be felt the hidden power of Divine Grace, working mightily at the very fountain of life and action, and raising up scores of gospel ministers, even here in Campton, far more richly anointed with the Holy Ghost than any of their predecessors ever have been. And in view of the signs of the times and the predictions of God's Word, may we not hope that ere another century close or not very far beyond that time that the voice of a great multitude, like that of many waters and many thunderings, shall be heard saying "Allcluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY W. C. BLAIR.

Mr. President: In response to the sentiment just read, I confess myself utterly at loss in the brief time, which I know I must occupy to do anything like adequate justice to the theme.

The distinguishing characteristic of our American civilization, and especially the New England type of that civilization, is the intelligence of the mass of the people. In Spain, in France, in Russia, even in classic Italy, in short in all Europe,—except perchance some of the German States, and possibly Sweden,—we find among the great body of the people that ignorance is the rule and knowledge the exception.

But it is not so here. The people in this country read the newspapers and the Bible, discuss politics and theology, and vote and worship as they please. There the mass of the population are chiefly interested in cock fights, bull fights, bear gardens, masquerade balls and the inevitable theatres of high and low degree.

Now what is true of our civilization as a whole, comes out in bold relief when considered in detail. For instance, New England in the methods and success of popular education is far in advance of the rest of the country, and Massachusetts is in advance of any State in New England, and some towns and cities in that great commonwealth in advance of a large majority of the residue of towns and cities.

So in our own State, in the methods and means of diffusing knowledge among the masses; some towns are much superior to others, and I claim here and now, that in this respect, Campton occupies a proud pre-eminence.

Within my own remembrance, I recollect that our good old town was the pioneer in the school house reform in this part of the State. The first old school house that gave place to a fine structure, complete in all its apartments, was at the village. I well remember that our wealthy and enterprising neighbors, in the most charming village in this beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset, were content with about as wretched and dilapidated a specimen of school architecture as ever shocked human vision or gave to the very swine that might pass that way, longing for a habitation and a home. Yet that unseemly structure for the diffusion of knowledge to young ideas, perched upon an almost inaccessible bluff, existed for several years after the comparatively poor village of Campton had such a school house as I have before mentioned, at once the pride and boast of the whole town.

Campton, I say then, was the pioneer in the great work of making decent habitations for public instruction, and if our good mother to-day stands more prosperous in her general material interests, in her enterprises for the public welfare, in her quiet but not less earnest devotion to the practical business of good living, and by the term good living, I mean to include the practice of all moral and spiritual virtues; if, in a word, Campton really is, *and she is*, one of the first towns in the State, it is due more than to any one other thing, to the high character of her public schools. She has always stood high in this regard. From the early settlement of the town down through the ten decades of her existence, her schools have been superior, and her sons and daughters have been the recipients of better instruction, and more of it than has been vouchsafed to the people of most of our New Hampshire towns.

But this subject opens up a wide field, and I might occupy a full hour in observations upon this line of

thought. I forbear, however, as the teachers of Campton claim our attention for a few moments.

Of course there must of necessity in every town be two classes of teachers, to wit: Natives of the town who taught school in the town and abroad, and those who were not natives that came into the town to teach.

Of the early teachers of Campton, I know but little. Enough evidence, however, exists of their diligence, fidelity and efficiency, in those instructed by them in their day, as evinced by what they have achieved in after life.

Perhaps of more modern days, I may be able to suggest a few incidents of interest. During the Autumn and Winter of 1862 and 1863, I happened, by accident, to board for a few weeks where several of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States boarded, and during that time I became acquainted with one of their number, who imformed me that the first school that he ever taught was at Campton Village. In conversation with him, I observed that his appreciation of the solid and stable character of Campton people, induced him to bear high testimony both to the intellectual and moral worth of the people. Without making any invidious distinction, it is enough to say that almost every family was mentioned, among whom I well remember the Willeys, Bakers, Pulsifers, Littles, Holmes', Clarks, Spencers, and many others. Judge Clifford's idea of the superior character of the people of the town, was, I know predicated upon the excellence of their schools.

I have the honor of an intimate acquaintance with another teacher of the village school. I refer to my brilliant and accomplished townsman, Col. T. J. Whipple, one of the most remarkable men of our time, in many respects.

He taught the school at Campton Village about thirty-three years ago, and his reminiscences of that time are

exceedingly interesting. I remember among other things an incident showing the discipline he had in his school. The minister, as was the custom, visited the school, and his son, a boy about fifteen years old, at that precise age at which boys know more than ever afterwards, attended the school. Presuming, upon his father's presence as a source of protection, the youngster took advantage of the occasion and behaved with most unseemly rudeness. Tom, as we familiarly called him at home, called the youth into the floor and administered to him in the presence of his father, a most severe castigation. The father, unlike many parents, congratulated the teacher and promised to administer the same punishment when the disobedient lad reached home. The Colonel also related many other incidents of interest connected with his school teaching experience in Campton.

Of teachers who taught away from Campton, nearly every professional man here to-day or absent, has at some time in his life, been a common school teacher, and with many of them it was the only means by which they were enabled to obtain their education. Of them it may be justly said, that their success in professional life is ample evidence of their capacity and influence as teachers.

One teacher who was a native of this town, made teaching a profession, and who had long experience both at home and abroad, I cannot help calling to your particular notice. I refer to Samuel R. Adams. In the late war, his valuable life, with hundreds of thousands of others, was given as a sacrifice upon the altar of his country, to make it free indeed. He has passed away, but his influence and his example, have survived the patriot's grave. As a teacher he had unusual capacity. He knew how to command the love as well as obedience of all his pupils. He was firm, yet not harsh, ruling with kindness, yet always holding his school closely in hand. In him were

united all the qualities of a good teacher, and he exemplified in his life and character the highest qualities of a christian and a gentleman. Can I pay higher compliment than this to mortal man?

There are very many others, whom I have in mind, and would gladly mention in this connection, but I am reminded I have already occupied too much of your time. And in conclusion permit me to offer the following sentiment:

The future of Campton. If she is as faithful to the interests of popular education in the years that are to come as in the past, she will ever remain, materially, intellectually and morally, among the foremost of New England towns.

THE SABBATH SCHOOLS OF CAMPTON.

BY W. CHASE.

It is well known that there are in the solid ledge of the beautiful Connecticut Valley, many clear and distinct tracks of birds; footprints of small as well as large members of the feathered tribe. The natural question that arises in view of this fact is, "How came they there?" We conclude that a long, *long* time ago the red sand stone ledge, so hard now, was in a soft plastic state, prepared to receive whatever impressions might be made upon it. Then it must be these birds walked upon the plastic yielding substance, that since has become hard and firm, retaining as the record of iron pen this account of their transactions in those early days. Thus it is with the human mind in childhood, it is wonderfully plastic, prepar-

ed expressly by the hand of the Allwise Creator to readily receive and imperishably retain impressions. Our Puritan fathers were persecuted in England because they worshiped God, as they thought they ought, and therefore they sought an asylum in Holland. But although they were there allowed to worship God and instruct their children as they believed right, they soon found that the habits and manners of the Dutch youth had a pernicious influence on their children, and must unavoidably tend to corrupt their morals and prevent their training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To this they could not be reconciled. The new world through the skill and enterprise of Columbus had been discovered, and they determined to seek a home in it, hoping there to be free from those contaminating influences that had operated so unfavorably on their youth. They therefore embarked upon the bosom of the mighty deep, in the imperfect sailing vessels of that day, and after a long and dangerous voyage, landed on the bleak and inhospitable shore of Cape Cod.

Be it remembered then, that our fathers left all the privileges and comforts of a long settled and fertile country, and buffeted the waves and exposed themselves to the dangers of the billowy deep, and came to this wilderness to dwell amongst wild beasts and more savage men, to suffer from privation and want for the express purpose of training their children in habits of piety and virtue. *Honor to their memory.* They valued the right training and instruction of their children more than all worldly good. With these views and purposes, combined with the wisdom that cometh from above, they erected the church and placed the school house in its friendly shade, and brought their combined influence to operate in instructing the minds and moulding the hearts of their youth. They sought and procured holy and wise men to

instruct them in the word of God and lead them in His worship. Here they all, young and old, repaired every Sabbath and on other days when they thought it expedient, to the house dedicated to this purpose, and listened with unwearied attention while their teacher expounded God's word and brought forth his stores of theological lore. They also instructed their children around the family altar and at their firesides in the sacred scriptures, and had them commit portions of them to memory. They secured the services of persons qualified by good character, learning and skill, to teach the children to read and write, and the elementary principles of science. And all of suitable age were required to repair to the school house on week days, a portion of the year at least, to receive this important instruction. Thus a new and important era was commenced in the history of civilization, in which all, whatever the circumstances or pecuniary condition of their parents, were taught the rudiments of science, and the foundation of general intelligence was securely laid. But another institution was needed to more fully develop the religious nature and more effectually mould the heart aright. This is the Sabbath School. Here the scholar is brought under the influence of those best qualified by picty and intelligence, tact and skill, to cultivate the higher nature. The word of God, the most effectual means in this work, is brought into close contact with the mind and heart at the most favorable time. And when we take into consideration these facts, and especially the inability of many parents to well instruct, and the indifference of others in regard to the religious instruction and training of their children, we cannot but feel the importance of this institution in bringing forward the glorious period in the world's history, clearly predicted of in God's word, when none need to say to his neighbor, "Know the Lord," for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest.

The descendants of the Puritans many years ago, saw the importance of this institution and organized Sabbath Schools all over New England. And the goodly town of Campton was not wanting in wise and good men to carry forward this work. In 1822 or about this time, Rev. Daniel Pulsifer, who so appropriately asked God to grant His blessing on this occasion, with some others whose hearts God had touched, to act for the rising race, met and organized a Sabbath School in connection with the public worship of the Congregational church. It has since that time been conducted with good success, much of the time embracing a large part of the congregation. It has greatly benefitted society, promoted the right observance of the Sabbath, and above all has aided many to find Christ and heaven. Many will rise up in heaven, I doubt not, and call the founders and faithful laborers in this school *blessed.* About the time that this school was organized, Edmund Cook, since gone to his reward, invited the children in the north part of the town to come together and organized them into a Sabbath School and taught them with good success. His zeal and sacrifice in this work of love, is worthy of special commendation. I frequently meet those who enjoyed his instruction and labor to encourage them to learn Scripture truth and improve in this school. They tell me that he used to make little trunks, and present them to those who were most constant and diligent in their efforts. After a time the Baptist Society built a house of worship and organized a school in connection with the church that worshipped there, and it has been a great blessing to many. The speaker cannot forbear here to gratefully express his obligation to the founders and friends of this school. He expects to bless God forever that he was led in early childhood into this sacred institution, and especially that he was encouraged to learn portions of Scripture to recite

there. More recently a meeting for public worship has been established, and a Sabbath School organized in the west part of the town by the Freewill Baptist Church, which I doubt not has been well conducted and accomplished much good. Other schools have been gathered and sustained for a short time in school houses in various parts of the town. But I think now there are only these three that have been mentioned that are in operation.

But are there not districts in town where a wise and enterprising christian laborer can collect jewels for the Saviour's crown by gathering the children, and teaching them the truths of the gospel of Jesus, and obtain for himself a reward which is of more value than all the precious treasures of earth? If the seed of God's word is not sown in their hearts, it will never spring up and bring forth fruit unto their salvation. And if it be not sown there in childhood, it will not be very likely to take root so as to bear this fruit at all. Who will sow it? Or shall they be neglected to perish,—to lose eternal life, to be cast off, and the Saviour lose their praise? What an appeal does this case present to those who love Christ and priceless souls. In view of the readiness of children to receive impressions, and the tenacity, *undying tenacity* with which they retain them, what encouragement there is to gather them together on the Sabbath and teach them the Word of God, which is able to mould them into the image of Jesus. And in view of the facts in the case we ask all to carefully consider the question, "Is not the Sabbath School the most efficient of all means to hasten the glorious era when the knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the earth and all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest?" Our duty is plain, our encouragement is great, to labor to bring every child into the Sabbath school and to exert the most sacred influence upon his mind and heart while he is there.

"HOW DEAR TO MY HEART ARE THE SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD."

BY REV. FRENCH SMITH.

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen:

I once heard of a public speaker who, in addressing his audience, stated that he remembered certain events that occurred when his grandmother was a little girl. I suppose he intended to say he remembered of hearing his grandmother relate certain events that occurred when she was a little girl.

Now, Mr. President, I think I should find no difficulty in interesting this audience in speaking upon the scenes of my childhood, if among those scenes were the events connected with the early history of this town which occurred when my grandparents were little children. And as there were interesting scenes in the days of their childhood which were peculiar to the first settlements in this town, — which events we have come here to-day to commemorate, — it may be proper for me briefly to refer to a few of them.

It is eighty-eight years since my grandfather, a beardless boy of nine years, came to Campton. How interesting to contemplate the scenes of that early day; to go in imagination among the scattered settlers and see them laboring with their rude implements of agriculture, some specimens of which are here to-day, and then to enter their humble dwellings and partake of a Rebekah's venison served on wooden plates, or with a pewter spoon eat lucious bean-porridge. Or coming down nine years later in the history of the town, to the time my great-grandfather Giddings, moved from Newburyport, Massachusetts,

to Campton, we find scenes strange and ludicrous. My great-grandmother rode on horseback, carrying her youngest child in her arms. The rest of the children either went on foot or rode, — not in a stage coach, or railroad car drawn by the boiling teakettle which has been mentioned here to-day, — but in a cart propelled by ox power at the usual bovine speed.

They completed their journey in about a week, thus occupying more time than is now necessary in going from Maine to Kansas. Among the valuables which that cart contained was this book which I hold in my hand, entitled "The Fulfilling of the Scriptures." It was printed by Robert Fleming, in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1743, and is consequently one hundred and twenty-four years old. It was first owned by my grandmother's grandmother in the days of her girlhood, and her name, Abigail Bartlett, is legibly written on the first page. Among those that rode in the cart was a blushing maiden of sweet sixteen, named Polly. Miss Polly, notwithstanding her ride in the cart, was too dignified to give her hand in matrimony to the green boys of Campton, and as a reward for her folly she has been living an old maid for the last sixty-five years. Next Monday is her ninty-sixth birthday. Even these scenes, which we never saw only in imagination, are dear to our hearts from the reverence we have for our ancestry. But in many respects the scenes of our fathers' were the scenes of our childhood. It is true the forests had fallen before the woodman's ax, the log houses with their huge fireplaces had given way to more comfortable dwellings; instead of the howl of the wolf there was heard the rattling of the stage coach or the whistling of the engine, but the everlasting hills remained with their rocky sides and rippling brooks. The same pure mountain breezes blow o'er these hills and through these vales now as then, the same varieties of flowers bud and blos-

som, the same species of birds now as then make their annual visits and warble forth the same sweet songs of praise to Him who made them. The church organized in the days of our grand-parents had its existence in the days of our childhood and long may it thrive a nursery of piety, a blessing to the world.

Dearer to our hearts are these rugged hills with their beautiful and varied scenery, than the expansive prairies of the West or the rich cotton fields of the South. Here the first and most lasting impressions of our lives were made. The scenes of childhood, who can forget them? The solemnities of a funeral; the festivity of a marriage; how impressive. How bright are the sunny dreams of childhood; the heart unacquainted with grief, unbroken by affliction's rod, is buoyant with hope. Pleasures and blessedness, unmixed with woe, gild the future pathway of life. When in after years experience has blasted many of our fond hopes, and pleasures for which we never looked have been ours to enjoy, how pleasant to bring to mind the anticipations of childhood. And the scenes of our childhood bring fresh to our memories the thoughts, sorrows, joys, words and acts of our childhood, and those scenes also bring fresh to our memories parents and grandparents, schoolmates and youthful associates, many, very many of whom have gone to that land from whence no traveler returns. Go to the aged and perhaps the events of yesterday are forgotten, but if there is anything clear in their memories it is the scenes of their childhood. Go to the bed of the dying and they too are thinking upon the scenes of their childhood and seem to derive satisfaction by being assured that they shall be buried by the graves of their fathers. Many of the sons and daughters of Campton who have died in distant towns or other States, have been brought to the scenes of their childhood for interment. And this sentiment is no new princi-

ple. We read that Israel charged his sons that they bury him with his fathers in the cave of Machpelah, saying "there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Rachel."

Dear, thrice dear to our hearts, are the scenes of our childhood, and long will we cherish a sacred memory of the town which contains the graves of our pious ancestry and gave us our birth. And when our "dust shall return to the earth as it was, and our spirits shall return unto God who gave them," then may our ashes repose in yonder beautiful cemetery in this lovely valley of the Pemigewasset, amid the scenes of our childhood.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNION.

BY H. W. BLAIR.

In reviewing the century which expires to-day and which comprises more than the whole period of the history of the Union, we find that we have not been exempt from the common experience of nations. We have passed through peace and war, through prosperity and adversity. America has a better form of Government and of social organization, a higher type of civilization developing, if not already developed, than exist anywhere else on the earth. Yet this day's retrospect reminds us that although in advance of all other nations, we are of the same common nature and subject to the operation of the same inexorable laws. Like that of the rest of mankind much of our history too is written in blood.

Some philosophers have taught that war is the natural

condition of mankind, and it is certain that no great landmark has been set up in the progress of the race without war.

The great epochs of history have been baptized in blood. Popular freedom has been born in battle, and reared amid "the clash of resounding arms." By means of war the greatest practical good has been realized by the masses of men, and a review of the century just past proves that relentless, devastating, terrible war, is still the chief agency employed by the Supreme Ruler of the universe in removing the hoary obstructions reared by ignorance, superstition and depravity in the pathway of man, to a more exalted destiny. Even the Prince of Peace came not to bring peace but by the sword, and the religious wars that have in their prosecution blasted the earth as flames of the pit might blast the gardens of paradise, attest how true it is that such is the lamentable nature of man that Emanuel disseminates even the religion of love, by means of the organized destruction of human life.

The true soldier is one of the highest types of man. He fights only when inspired by a great cause. Battles, the physical combat, the bloody collision of armed masses of men, the torn field covered with ghastly corses and echoing with the agonies of the wounded,—the wail of defeat and the shout of triumph,—these are but the incidents, the sad and unavoidable incidents, not the reality of war. They may conceal from common vision the true nature of the contest, but the true soldier sees through and above it all, the desperate conflict of irreconcilable principles, the eternal struggle between right and wrong. Nor is it because death is less formidable to him than to others, that the ties and endearments of home and kindred are less precious,—that the fair green earth, the sublime forms of the mountains, mighty forests, happy

valleys and smiling waters, the song of birds, zephyrs, and the requiems of the air,—that nature with her ten thousand charms, has none for him, that he leads the impetuous charge on and challenges the treacherous assaults of malignant disease. Insensibility to danger is not courage. The man who comprehends danger and by the power of superior motives conquers fear, alone is made of the true stuff and is a hero. And it is because his soul is blazing with the holy fire of a cause sacred and sublime, that he cares not for limb or life, or any of the bolts of fate.

It is eminently fitting on this centennial occasion, when our eyes are turned to behold the long train of wonderful events by which the wilderness has been transformed into the happy home of a civilized and christian commonwealth, that the "soldiers of the Union" be held in honorable remembrance.

The first soldiers of Campton were soldiers of the Union, and some of the first and bravest soldiers of the Union were from Campton.

The historian says that this town although so recently settled furnished ten men who upheld the Declaration with their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors." They shed their blood in the time that tried mens' souls. Rebels they were against tyrants, but the chosen warriors of the Most High God. While some of them left their bones on the battlefield in distant States, others returned to enjoy a ripe old age under the protection of that glorious banner whose ample folds their hands first flung to the breezes of heaven. Now they have passed away, and their sacred dust sleeps calmly beneath the soil their valor redeemed.

And Campton soldiers fought for the Union when the jealousy and impotent wrath of baffled Britain, her wounded pride still smarting under the mortifying memories of

the revolutionary war, led her to attempt to sweep our commerce from the seas and chain the billows of the mighty deep. The struggle of 1776 liberated the continent and set in motion a train of causes that seems destined to free every acre of land trodden by the foot of man.

The war of 1812 was to emancipate the waters of the world, and worthy sons reared by revolutionary sires, imbibing freedom with every breath drawn among their native hills hurried to die at the summons of their country, and by their consecrated valor they saved the priceless heritage the fathers had bequeathed, while the attentive world wondered to behold the heroism which triumphed at Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown, again in the ascendant at Plattsburgh and New Orleans, and on the slippery decks of our matchless men-of-war.

And in our last tremendous struggle for very life, many brave sons of Campton have fought, and alas! some have fallen too, for the Union. Eight men of fourteen who enlisted in a single company gave up their lives within a year. Better men never fell for the rights of man; and many others equally worthy fell, of whom the time would fail us to speak their praise. It is enough, and all that on this brief occasion we can say, that sons of Campton have fought every foe of the Union and that the sod renews its annual verdure above them on every battle-field of our land.

Departed spirits, — who have passed beyond the vicisitudes of time to partake the eternal rest of the blessed, — we cherish the recollection of your earthly forms with tears, while we hail your celestial presence with transcendant joy. For you death had no terrors. Filled with sacred enthusiasm in a noble cause your mortal career closed in a zenith of light, and as the thunders of

battle vanished on your dying senses the music of the heavenly gates "on golden hinges turning and of beautified choirs welcomed your ascending souls to the society of the long glorified father." Hushed be the tumult of life as with the eye of faith we gaze on your transfigured forms. Long shall your memory live on these mortal shores. Affection has embalmed you in her choicest shrine. The patriot shall emulate your example in life and in death, and the christian as he enters the valley of the shadow of death shall light his torch in the effulgent hope that glorified your exit. Peace be unto your ashes wherever they lie. God's guardian angels watch over them and bedew with tears of heaven the sacred flowers that bloom on your scattered graves.

> "On fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

Nor on this occasion should we forget the living who endured or dared whatever has immortalized the dead; and to-day our common country remembers with pride the gallantry and patriotism of her surviving sons, many of whom are before me, and I ask is there one of you who would exchange his record for that of dead Cæsar? Not one. To have been a common soldier of the Union is to outrank Cæsar wrapped in purple robes dyed in the blood of millions slain that he might

> ——"wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

There is little left in this world which the humblest living soldier of the Union can desire to add to the honors of his name. A country, aye in a larger sense a world, saved for humanity by the triumph and preservation of our national integrity through his toils and sufferings.

He is in no unmeaning sense, "one of the army of the Lord." What more can he ask? What more can he receive of honor at our hands?

Give him when maimed and stricken in your service only the necessaries of life and he will not trouble you for its honors; that certificate of honorable discharge from the army of the Union, proves him to be the peer of any of his countrymen. History will take care of him.

And in closing, allow me to say that I believe municipal patriotism can manifest itself in no more commendable form than in the erection of appropriate monuments to commemorate the self-sacrificing heroism of the soldiers of the Union.

By a recent act of the Legislature every town and city in New Hampshire is authorized to raise and expend money for that noble object, and I believe that in no other way can we perpetuate such an impressive sense of the inestimable worth of our free institutions and of this glorious Union by whose preservation alone they can be transmitted and made perpetual, as by ennobling our landscape with monuments whose silent, chaste yet elegant columns and simple epitaphs, shall forever repeat to the long succession of happy and grateful generations to come, that first great lesson of patriotic devotion, "'Tis sweet, oh 'tis sweet for our country to die."

By doing honor to the soldier we honor and foster the cause for which he lays down his life. No country can or should long continue to exist when its obligations are forgotten to those who preserved its life by the sacrifice of their own, to its disabled, and to the widows and orphans of its slain or when it ceases to cherish in grateful remembrance, the gallant deeds which constitute its national renown.

America will not fail to honor those who in triumph or defeat have periled all in her defence, for in the language

of the Great Athenian, "What was the part of gallant men they all performed? Their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the universe dispensed to each."

All the "soldiers of the Union" have been its bulwark in the past, so under God are they its future hope. One century hence, — when every breathing thing that now moves in the light of heaven; when you, honored sir; when the infant that prattles on its mother's arms unconscious of the profound solemnities we celebrate; when you venerable sires and matrons, who have gathered once more within the corporate precincts of our beloved old native town, to renew by sacred communings with the unchanging forms of nature, the tender associations that link you rather with the dead than with the living; when all, all of us shall have moldered away and our names shall have been lost in the wide gulf of oblivion, or shall linger only in the faint voices of tradition, — may the sons of Campton at her next centennial celebration be able to transmit, as thank God we now bequeath it to them, untarnished the honor of her "soldiers of the Union."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. STONE.

CONCORD, *Sept. 11, 1867.*

MR. BARTLETT—*Dear Sir:* I received a letter yesterday, dated at Campton Village, inviting me to attend your Centennial Celebration on the 12th. Please give my compliments to the Committee and say to them that it would give me great pleasure to be present on that occasion, but the state of my health will not permit.

I am a member of the Council which convenes here tomorrow to install a pastor over the First Church, but I

should be much more interested in going to Campton, if I were able. My former residence among you as pastor, and my acquaintance with your people and history, give me a deep interest in your affairs and welfare. May the Lord be with you and make the occasion a blessing to all present, and to all future generations, at least for the next hundred years.

Grateful to the Committee for their kind invitation,

Yours, respectfully,

BENJAMIN P. STONE.

LETTER FROM REV. AUSTIN WILLEY.

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, April, 1868.

To the Committee of Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration at Campton, New Hampshire:

GENTLEMEN: It was with great pleasure that I learned of the design to celebrate the Centennial of the settlement of my honored native town. It was most appropriate. The town was worthy of such commemoration and all its true sons, wherever scattered on the earth, will gladly respond to its honors. Nothing but impossibilities prevents my joining, personally, in that grand occasion. It is doubtful if another town can be found in New England of equal population and natural advantages, which has contributed more to human good. Its early history was marked by substantial intelligence, sound morality and religious principle, and its sons and daughters have gone all over the continent diffusing these influences of their native town. And whether on the shore of either ocean, among the Rocky Mountains or upon the

praries of the West, the name of their dear native town awakens emotions which no time or distance can efface.

There was the old home which *meant* home. There the the scenes of childhood and associations of youth; there the meeting house and school house; there the grand and beautiful in nature, commingled as almost nowhere else; and there the graves of departed generations, watered with tears of affection; there sleep the pious dead, angels perhaps still watching their dust. How can we remember Campton without grateful affection, and thanking those who proposed and carried through this celebration.

But if that town is to be what it has been, the causes of its past distinction must be kept in vigorous activity. There certainly were an intelligent christian ministry, substantial books, good schools, little liquor traffic, close industry and sound religion. Let these control the taste and habits, and give character to the town, and its honor will still advance, while the good flowing from it to the world will be as living as the streams from its mountain sides.

Let me propose this sentiment:

CAMPTON: *May its second Centennial Celebration present as pleasing a record as its first.*

A. WILLEY.

LETTER FROM E. C. BAKER.

26 Barrister's Hall, Boston, Sept. 9, 1867.

CHARLES CUTTER, ESQ—

Dear Sir: Your letter of August first, inviting me to be present at a Centennial Celebration of the town of Campton, on September 12th, was received in due course

of mail. I have delayed an answer, hoping to be able to respond in person at the time designated.

One hundred years of corporate life, fairly gives your town the right to call herself, and to be known as the *old town* of Campton. Not only this but her still earlier history, her name indicating it,—being as she was, if I am not mistaken, one of the earliest camping grounds of those noble men, whose efforts, labors and sufferings, as pioneers in the settlement of this Western continent, contributed so much to the development of the Anglo Saxon race and the establishment of a government, deriving all its powers from the governed,—gives you a still further right, with proud satisfaction, to hail this anniversary day.

One hundred years! What mighty changes have marked their flight! Who of that day, if now they could revisit you, would find anything which they then saw, or as they lay and slept in their rude camp, ever dreamed of seeing in the sweet valley or on the fertile hills of their quiet home? Who of them all foresaw or prophesied then the mighty Empire which they, and such as they, were building? Aye! "they builded wiser than they knew!" Deep and strong as the eternal granite of these hills, they laid the foundations, and in toil, in hardship, in privation, in weakness which became strength, they builded thereon. Strong, rugged, manly minds and natures, came as fruits of their labors, and to-day we have entered into their labors. It has been well said of our State of New Hampshire, that its principal products are *ice*, *granite*, and *men!*

The men of Campton will bear the examination of history, without detriment in the comparison. It is well, therefore, that you celebrate your anniversary day. In our pride of the past; in our reverence for the fathers, let us not forget their hopes, their objects, the purposes

of their struggles, the end of their works. The noblest monument we can raise to their memory is not of monumental stone or sculptured brass, but in institutions of government, which shall show to all time to come that we appreciate their designs, and guiding ourselves by their motives and teachings and following their example, will hereafter, as in the past, "march under the old flag, and keep step to the music of the Union!"

One hundred years! how quickly fled! and yet how great the results! Then a few weak cōlonists; now a mighty nation. Then a scattered population skirting the Atlantic coast. Now the hum of national industry mingles its song with the roar of the Atlantic sea, and the peaceful music of the Pacific wave. Now from the cold regions of the North to the fragrant Savannahs of the sunny South the rivers run, bearing upon their broad bosoms the wealth of the productions of thirty millions of free, happy, prosperous and united people.

One hundred years! Who can measure to-day the hundred years to come? Who can cast their horoscope? Are we in our day building as wisely and as well, as our fathers? Then, indeed, we may in this hour of our rejoicing, celebrate the past, and with confident hope look forward to the future.

Regretting that unavoidable circumstances will prevent me from enjoying with you the good time you will have, I beg to send you as a sentiment:

"*As we of 1867 say to those of 1767, so may they of 1967 say of us*, WORTHY SONS OF NOBLE SIRES."

I have the honor to be,

Very truly, your obedient servant,

ELIHU C. BAKER.

LETTER FROM B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.

PHILADELPHIA, *September 9, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR: I had the honor to receive your kind invitation to attend the first Centennial Celebration of the town of Campton, and to read a poem on the occasion. The great pressure of my business engagements prevented me from arriving at a decision, as I hoped to be able to accept the esteemed invitation, and must now be my apology for this late reply.

To revisit the home of my childhood on such an occasion,—which cannot be repeated in one day,—to mingle with my once young friends and kindred *at our old gate way*, and listen to the voices of the most honored among those who were my "birds of a feather," friends of my youth; friends of my evil days; friends in those light-winged hours, when the fire of aspiration flashed, to light the entrance of the labyrinth through whose devious ways my feet must pass among the realities of opening life—to recount with them there some of the earlier joys and later realities of active life, and earnest endeavors to mark the advancement, almost fabulous, of your now noted and beautiful town, and contribute, however little I might be able, to the interest of the immortal hour which the returning rounds of centuries will bear along the ages, would afford me sweet and lasting joy. But the duties of the day, its claims upon me, aye, its promised joys at my happy home in the great city of my adoption, constrain me to forego the pleasure that such a reunion would afford.

I cannot, however, permit the great occasion to pass without congratulating you, citizens of Campton, friends and kindred, one and all, upon the happy auspices of

your grand and numerous assemblage, to interchange salutations with the living and honor the memory of the departed. Many of those who have gone before, now sleep in the beautiful cemetery just before you.

I cannot say that they do not walk, unseen, among you, sharing your bliss and receiving the homage that your full hearts offer at this fitting shrine! Be it so, their joys cannot be the less; yours may be greater. Be it otherwise, we shall all follow them ere long, to meet again I trust, on that still fairer shore, where there will be but one great celebration, and the reunion will be indestructible.

I send you my warm greeting with earnest hopes and prayers for the present happiness and future prosperity of your beautiful town and all its people.

An hundred years! Others will tell the tale of its marvelous changes, recounting the years of toil and privation through which our ancestors fashioned destiny. They "spun for us the web of fate"! By long and perilous Winter marches, they pierced the unbroken wilderness! By unremitting toil they opened the primeval forests and crossed the "stubborn glebe." In the morning of their lives, at the dawn of your town's first rising from the night of ages, they sowed broadcast, the seed which yields their children's children harvests richer than earth's fair bosom offers in annual benedictions—harvests of intelligence, virtue and peace. These worthy Puritans, with living faith in the living God, sought more than bread,—by which alone man cannot live,—and what they sought they found. They put the gospel sickle in, they bound the early sheaves of christian love, and bore them to that garner into which themselves have since been gathered.

Would that I were worthy to recite their eulogy. But if no man shall do it fittingly, it still is *done!* The ver-

dant vales and waving hill-sides are radiant and vocal with their praise. "Who seeks their monument should look around"! Their lives were solely given to useful toil, and where they finished their labors, the valleys now blossom—

"Fair as the garden of the Lord."

I am happy to claim my lineage from such a line, and wish, again, that I could meet their children in person, as I shall in thought, on the great occasion that will mark the auspicious closing of a century! May the just-dawning century bring more of the same true honor to our fathers' children and our own, and may all the sons of toil learn from their high example—

"That self-dependent-power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky"!

With great regard, yours truly,

B. Frank Palmer.

Charles Cutter, Esq., Campton, N. H.

LETTER FROM S. D. BAKER, Esq.

Boar's Head, Hampton, N. H., Sept. 10, 1867.

Gentlemen: I regret exceedingly that I am compelled to decline your invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration of my native town. The nature of my present engagements and the distance from home, combine to render my uniting with the sons and daughters of old Campton on this occasion, an impossible thing.

The opportunity thus afforded for the gathering together of the great family around the ancient hearths and the homes of childhood, cannot be prized too highly; and I

feel assured that nothing but the most urgent necessities will occasion the absence of any one, who claims the hills and valleys of Campton as his by birthright.

I am well aware that the loss in this instance is irreparable and all my own, for the pleasure I should derive from being present would be far greater than any I could confer. Knowing as I do, that among the thousands who will avail themselves of your invitation, there will be many whose names, not unknown to fame, we delight to honor, it would afford me more gratification than words can express, to meet them on the spot "dearer than all on earth beside," and together with them, receive the greetings of those who have never wandered from their first and only home, but who, through all life's vicissitudes, have clung to the old homestead as to a holy thing. But all this gratification I must forego and console myself as best I may for my disappointment. Trusting that the contemplated re-union of the sons and daughters of Campton will be glorious and heart-refreshing to both residents and weary wanderers, allow me to discharge a small duty by offering the following sentiment:

Our Native Town: *Greener than her valleys and hill-tops in Spring-time, will her memory ever be in the hearts of her absent children.*

Yours truly,

Samuel D. Baker.

A CENTENNIAL WAIF,

ON THE PEMIGEWASSET RIVER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1867.

BY B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.

[Written by request of the Committee of Arrangements of the first Centennial Celebration of the Town of Campton, N. H.]

O River fair! here, wandering long ago,
I listened to thy murmurs, wild and low,
When loitering on the bank, with shining wish,
To find Pactolian sand, or golden fish.
And forty seasons since, in infant pride,
Talked with thy bubbling shoals, on Thornton' side;
Where pearly ripples seize the orient beam,
And mystic forms in mirror's beauty gleam.
A sailor of three seasons, on time's tide,
With whaleman's chances for a devious ride,
Embarked, to pass the eddying ferry o'er,
And gained this sheltering, wood-invested shore.
A balking bullock is a sorry yawl
For stripling nerve to scull above a fall;
A saddled centaur might as well be manned
By infant mermaid round a coral strand.
The dashing wherry drank the sparkling spray,
While trusty pilot walked the watery way!
Thus steering o'er the wild, uncharted course,
I now survey on wing of reinless horse.
My conscious life-boat hailed the impending strife,
And "walked the waters like a thing of life."
Portentous fathoms strode with prowess grand,
Till surging stream and beetling bank were spanned.
And now, as then, I may not stop, to choose

To ride or run; to row or rein; to use
Or bow or spur; to paddle, scull, or sail;
To pause, in mid-stream effort, is to fail.
Constrained, I float on thro' ærial tide,
To note the ethereal forms that o'er thee glide;
And, fly or fall, the goddess I will thank,
Who wings me coyly o'er the cradled bank.
For here I earliest saw the star-gemmed morn
Descend, with Ceres, o'er her waves of corn;
To tinge the dew-drop with prismatic light,
And lift the azure robe from blushing night.
The dawning song life's lullaby awhile,
My infant joys to crown, and woes beguile;
Till Fancy fringed with flowers' sunny way,
And hope half blossomed 'neath the genial ray.
In Youth's, dreams beheed the laurel wave,
Whereat a smile of promise gave;
And here above thy velvet-vestured shore,
The coy nymph shall weave the laurel evermore.
The mystic muse shall steal thy banks along,
Inspiring here some son of lofty song;
And genii, from the old Parnassian fount,
Shall linger round Franconia's mantled mount;
To quaff the bliss I see, and they may sing,
Who tune their harps by the castalian spring;
But none, beneath the inspiring goddess' wand,
Shall feel more joy to see thy blooms expand.
Here plucked the evergreen when hope was young,
And listened, raptured, to thy sylvan tongue;
Here Youth shall garland Time's centennial urn
With woven *immortal*, and joy eterne.
And if the breezy vale shall bear along
Through echoing groves, to live in infant song,
The strain that lingers in each burning thought,
Not all in vain have I my tribute wrought.

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Talked with thy babbling shoals, on Thornton side;
Where pearly ripples seize the orient beam,
And mystic forms in mirror'd beauty gleam.

A sailor of three seasons, on time's tide,
With whaleman's chances for a devious ride,
Embarked, to pass the eddying ferry o'er,
And gain this sheltering, wood-invested shore.
The dashing wherry* drank the sparkling spray,
While trusty pilot walked the watery way—
Thus steering o'er the wild, uncharted course,
I now survey on wing of reinless horse.
My conscious life-boat hail'd th' impending strife,
And "walked the waters like a thing of life;"
Portentous fathoms strode with prowess grand,
Till surging stream and beetling bank were spanned.
And now, as then, I may not stop, to choose
To ride or run; to row or rein; to use
Or bow or spur; to paddle, scull, or sail;
To pause, in mid-stream effort, is to fail.
Constrained, I float on the ærial tide,

*A young ox.

To note th' ethereal forms that o'er thee glide;
And, fly or fall, the goddess I will thank,
Who wings me coyly o'er the cradled bank.
For here I earliest saw the star-gemmed morn
Descend, with Ceres, o'er her waves of corn;
To tinge the dew-drop with prismatic light,
And lift the azure robe from blushing night.
The dawning sang life's lullaby awhile,
My infant joys to crown, and woes beguile;
Till Fancy fringed with flowers youth's sunny way,
And hope half blossomed 'neath the genial ray.
In boyhood-dreams beheld the laurel wave,
When the coy nymph, a smile of promise gave;
And here, above thy velvet-vestured shore,
The nymph shall weave the laurel evermore.
The mystic muse shall steal thy banks along,
Inspiring here some son of lofty song;
And genii, from the old Parnassian fount,
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Shall feel more joy to see thy blooms expand.
Here plucked the evergreen when hope was young,
And listened, raptured, to thy sylvan tongue;
Here youth shall garland Time's centennial urn
With palm and laurel leaf, in joy eterne.
And if the breezy vale shall bear along
Through echoing groves, to live in infant song,
The strain that lingers in each burning thought,
Not all in vain have I my tribute wrought.
A heart-beat, pulsing in the tide of time,
Inspires the verse I bring (in faulty rhyme)
The century-bloom will close on morning's verge,
And fold the record in the cycle's surge.

And thus upon the ebbing wave I trace
An imaged thought, which time may not efface;
And FAITH (not fancy) here with hope shall stray,
To view the nymph that bears the bloom away.
She will return! He who the century gave,
Will send the blossom round on refluent wave;
And then (from cruel critics meanwhile safe)
Perchance some friend may catch my floating waif.
The patient plant that blooms so fair to-day,
Has waited ages for its tints so gay;
O man, be patient! wait the blooming hour,
Snap not the bud, to lose th' immortal flower!

And now I come, from wanderings wide and long,
To cast upon thy wave my waif of song;
Receive me kindly, as a child of thine,
Returned to joy at boyhood's sacred shrine.
No chaplet from th' enchanted grove I bring—
A little wild-flower grown by Friendship's spring;
Reset in genial soil, 'twill bloom again,
As once upon your fair, expanding plain.
Transplanted in the dews of early morn,
The hovering cloud has watered rose and thorn—
The bloom alone I bring, and fondly yield—
I plant no thorn within th' emblooming field.
Here thought, aspiring o'er yon summits gray,
From visual forms began the trackless way;
And leaving soon, too soon, the rural vale,
To launch on youth's wild wave—to strand or sail,
I bade adieu to sweetest pastoral charms,
Where conscious beauty blossoms in thine arms;
But now, returned, I greet with manly pride
Each old familiar spot I've joyed beside;
Here, respite from life's jar and jargon find,
And all the sheaves of olden friendship bind.

The hills are vocal, and the circling sphere
In wavy cadence charms the listening ear;
From mast-head life I greet the natal bound,
And hail the joys of the centennial round.
A century past! what visions spring to view;
What we call old our fathers hailed as new;
What they called old their fathers ne'er had seen—
Our sons will say the same of us, I ween.
The seventeen hundredth year and sixty-seven,
Saw, gliding 'neath the smiling crest of heaven,
Thy mingling rivers, winding through the way
Where the dread Indian ruled with savage sway.
The placid Beebe's current stole along,*
Its music blending with the savage song;
While o'er the valley spread, like waving sea,
Wood stretched to wood, a vast immensity.
Within the fastnesses and gorges dark,
No click of flint had given the tinder spark;
No axe had sounded from the old elm's trunk;
No flash of firelock lit the sluggish punk;
Bleak, bald, and awful rose the giant forms
Of granite mountains, battling with the storms!
But hark! the mountains hail the listening sea—
The wave, responsive, greeting sends to thee!
Though "westward" empire takes its onward way,
As westward speeds the light of circling day,
Our fathers trusted God's descending streams,
His forests stretching 'neath auroral gleams;
They took their course along the ice-paved road,
To fashion fate, and find this fair abode.
As once the sons of Israel found their way,
Led by a pillar of the cloud by day,
Which, changing to a glorious guiding light,

*NOTE. Beebe's river is a smaller stream. Its confluence with the Pemigewasset is in Campton, if I mistake not. The *name* may have been changed, or my *spelling* may not be correct.

A pillar'd fire led on by starless night;
As trustful march'd they o'er the Red Sea bank,
Nor asked if any in the tide e'er sank;
Our fathers crossed a sea of ice, well shod,
With Christian sandals; faith and trust in God—
They to the plow had put the firm right hand,
To look not back till gained this chosen land;
Through wintry wilds urging their way they trode,
Or on the thong-lashed, snow-shoe sledges rode.
Unbroken woods, red faces, hail and snow;
Mad rivers, ice-bound rills, (that ceased to flow;)
Rapacious beasts, whose predatory rounds
Recrossed the way that skirts the valley's bounds;
Descending blasts, that swept the forests through;
No vegetation sprang to cheer the view;
Ice, ice below, and ice-girt caves around,
Where grizzly wolf and surly bear were found;
On ev'ry side a cheerless view was given,
And clouds portentous hid the light of heaven!
Behold the friends that met them at the gate;
Behold the scenes through which they fashioned fate;
Of later day the mountaineer will tell
How the gaunt, hungry wolf stood sentinel,
Beside the hut that held his all of life—
His cradled children and his weeping wife,
While the wild Indian from the thatch would stoop
And thrill the forest with his hideous whoop!
The woodman, seated, once upon the shore
Yon mountain towers in lofty grandeur o'er,
With scanty dinner spread on frosty pan,
Beheld that old colossal granite man!
Eternal Rockface! seated mountain high,
In solemn majesty 'twixt earth and sky,
The rock-ribbed fastness holding in his hand;
The lightnings hurling from his gleaming wand;

In granite might he stormward sets his face,
When the tornado rocks his ancient place;
Divides the whirlwind with his locks of gray,
And bathes his forehead at the fount of day!
Arise, to touch the lofty theme, O muse!
On stronger wing ascend to loftier views;
Th' eternal hills centennial homage bring—
The valley blooms—a hundred seasons sing.
An hundred years! O that same sleeping seer
Might wake to lead centennially here!
Ye ancient bards who smote the conscious lyre—
With breathing strain the silent string inspire!
The watchful shepherds saw the joyful flight
Above Judea's plains, that radiant night
When men, adoring, heard the new-made hymn
Sung, to soft harps, by shining seraphim;
Then choral stars found jubilant employ,
And hill to vale proclaimed th' extatic joy,
Which rolls, melodious, o'er these natal plains,
And claims the tribute of your highest strains.
Here Faith, while circling years and cycles fade,
Will stand in all the bloom of youth arrayed;
To cheer the heart whose faint devotion springs,
As joy centennial through the ages rings.
And may each listening mortal, not in vain,
Scale yon gray dome to catch th' inspiring strain;
As century mile-stones mark the flying round,
And reedy groves prolong the joyful sound.
Fair Campton! not as I beheld of yore—
I now behold the visions floating o'er;
Not wholly thine the change—for, since that day,
From boyhood's eyes the mists have passed away.
Then fays and fairies round the mountain walked,
Ere the small crib, (with smaller knowledge stocked)
A better rampart furnished, of defence—

Or budding wisdom bade th' intruders hence!
Thy hills then rose and pierced the heavens as now,
The moon, ascending, lingered on thy brow,
O Lafayette! while glowing Red Hill's crest,
Dissolved in green and gold—O vision blest!
Then, towering Washington, above the cloud
His lofty forehead reared in triumph proud;
Dim distance gave a charm to parting day,
As night closed o'er a sea of turrets gray;
Thy rivers were as clear, thy woods as grand,
(The pine and cedar kissed by zephyr bland,)
But I, a simple stripling, only knew
Thy mountains hid the outer world from view,
Thy hills surveyed, only to learn the rule
For easiest scaling—on the way to school!
Sweet vale! I own th' enchantment of the scene,
Where meadows wave in wealth of gold and green;
Where forests vocal spread in vast expanse,
And fleecy clouds around the mountain dance!
Enchanting nymph! with trappings of a bride,
And floral cestus gleaming at thy side;
The lily of the valley veils thy charms,
And conscious tendrils clasp thy jewelled arms.
Dissolving day and kindling morn, unite
To blend their beauties in ethereal light!
Aurora, from the loftiest peak of dawn,
Flings blossoms dew-gemmed o'er the glittering lawn;
Above the banks the elm and elder spring,
Where meadow-warblers plume their breasts and sing;
Or, heavenward rise to greet the earliest beam,
That shines, reflected, in thy crystal stream!
I gaze with joy on the translucent wave,
Where modest flower-de-luce and lily lave!
Where honey-suckles blush above the spring,
And birds pause, humming, on ethereal wing.

Where corn-crown'd hill-sides rise, on either hand,
And mellow pumpkins cover all the land;
The grape and cherry ripen o'er the rill,
Where sings the jay, or moans the whippoorwill.
Where incense, o'er th' emblooming intervale,
Fills every leaf, and spreads on every gale;
As gentle zephyr glides, at eventide,
On balmy wing! along the river-side;
Where fountains fresher than Parnassian rills,
Give sweeter draughts than fabled grove distils;
Inspiring incense, which the gods might pour
From golden ewers, the laurcled landscape o'er;
Where laureate bards might surfeit as they sing,
As bees their freightage bear on vocal wing!
Where shadowy forms float o'er the waving field,
And vine-clad bowers luxuriant fruitage yield;
Where hill-tops roll in waves of ripening grain,
And crimson berries cover all the plain;
The vernal maple pours nectarean draughts,
And all the air delicious sweetness wafts;
Where blooming clover tufts the vestured vale,
And golden harvests bid the farmer hail!
With sheaves of corn the terraced banks abound,
And rising mounds of butternuts are found!
The farmer now, with shining scythe in hand,
Goes thoughtful forth, with visage bronzed and bland;
To take the serried lines of wavering grass,
And round the bastioned field in triumph pass!
The lad now drives the "lowing herd" away,
And hastes to shake and spread the new-mown hay;
While the young robin tries his earliest strain,
As Phœbus wheels his chariot up the plain;
The roving kine on flowery hill-tops graze,
Or wander through the wild, entangled maze;
And bleating lambkins range the rocky pass,

To crop the dewy blossoms from the grass.
The lad, returned, takes spreading-stick in hand,
As cautious conjurers lift the wizard wand;
Spreads the green swarth with curvilinear shake,
Then hastes the hill-side, (not the hay) to rake.
The patient ox wheels up the towering sheaves,
Where twittering swallows line the sheltering eaves;
And fingered forks unlade the banded freight,
O'er topmost beam, where sportive ushers wait.
The grass all spread—and stowed the garnered grain—
The lad is off to "spread" (himself) again;
With truant comrades, through the wood he strays
To stone the birds and squirrels by the ways;
Up the high hill he wends his devious course,
Where brooklets babble from the rocky source;
The rock he tumbles from the shelving edge,
With bound concentric sweeps the trembling ledge;
He bends his way where blooming clover yields
The bee's fresh treasure, o'er the balmy fields,
To where the frantic bob'link tears his throat,
And mounts the sky to raise one dreadful note;
Secures the truant's seat, or laggard's stool,
By wayward wandering from the way to school!
"Again you're tardy—what excuse to-day"?
"I had to do the chores, and spread the hay!
"I ran as fast as ever I could go;
"I rather guess the sun, or—something's slow!
"The son is slow, and something must be done,
"To hurry up this lagging, truant *son;*
"The offence is great—too grave for hazel-sprout—
"Sit with the girls! until the boys go out."
A sorry sentence—shocking ev'ry sense,
And baffling all his lore of mood and tense;
The neuter verb, "to sit," is active found—
The mood, indicative—of giggling round!

The facts and Murray don't agree, and hence
He thinks the perfect is th' imperfect tense.

The milkmaid, tripping at the early dawn,
With well-filled pail across the dewy lawn,
Blithe as the robin pours the morning strain,
Where echoing groves repeat the old refrain.
Anon, she turns the bright, unfreighted pail,
And tells impatient ears the nursery tale;
The burnished pewter glistens in its place,
Each old familiar mug has smiling face.
The morning board a settle now becomes,
And where it stood the whizzing flax-wheel hums.
The distaff turns, like Galileo's world,
As from its rim the flaxen fibres twirled,
Like Franklin's twine the electric tingle sends
Along the line to burning fingers' ends!
While, in the barn, is heard the steady click—
Of patient farmer's swinging swingle-stick;
Addresses paying to the stubborn flax,
Whose ends must wane, that cobbler's ends may wax.
Like tireless pendulum of ancient clock,
His hours of toil he numbers, stroke on stroke,
The floating fibres in the dressing maul'd—
Form round his rounded poll, too early bald,
And thus, from useful toil, at night returns,
To where the hemlock backlog cracks and burns;
Sinks in the settle with a peruke big—
Like English baronet in periwig.

The annual "Trainings" of the time gone by,
Reviewed, old friend, by us—when you and I
Met on the muster-ground just by yon hill,
Will "march along" in pleasant mem'ry still!
The great Militia—Floodwood-Infantry,

Light Infantry, and crazy Cavalry,
Came marching, riding, limping to the squeak—
I hear even now the fife and bugle speak!
'Tis well, ye Wellingtons of Campton plain,
That your Napoleons lived to fight again!
When Yankee, Yankee met in mortal fray,
Both armies whipped; each gained the glorious day!
When "in they went"—then came of war the tug—
Crack! went decanter—bang! went broken jug—
Even feather'd Generals shared the general joy,
With banner'd regiment, and barefoot boy!
The "Raising" was a time uproarious, not
To be ignored, neglected, or forgot;
The old house must be razed, and raised the "new"—
One falls to earth, the other springs to view—
Up, up, it goes—a hundred-shoulder tug,
Down, down, it flows—from flask, decanter, jug:
All in good spirits to their homes repair,
Their castles bracing in the bracing air.
A little getting up, and getting down
Of spirits, mark the growth of man and town;
And if a man may ever (once) carouse,
It should be when he rears a dwelling-house!
The "Husking," "Paring bee," and such as that
Behold—the youth pared off, in quiet chat;
The red ears found, the ominous seeds declared,
The corn—acknowledged—and the lovers paired!

I note the old brown school-house, on the hill—
(Roll back those school-boy days—let these stand still)
I mark the hollow, where the high bridge stood
Rock-braced, against the roaring, raging flood
Whose surging tides in bursting torrents tear
The riven gorge, through which it rages there.
Fit emblem thou, of man, O restless stream—

Above thy falls the limpid waters gleam—
Above the falls, man seldom stops to think
How soon the life-boat strikes the cataract's brink;
But, rave ye waters—stand ye flinty rock!
The centuries old have felt thy throbbing shock;
Steer well, O boatman—gird ye for the leap,—
Hold fast the oar, and skim the vortex deep!
The raging stream whose angry torrents bound,
In whirling surges to the level ground;
Goes singing through the meadow to the main,
Its music mingling with the soul's refrain.
How like th' unguided youth's impetuous course—
It glides, then dashes from the placid source;
Now, far meandering through the mazy glen;
Now, backward turning to th' abodes of men;
The widening current of this pulsing life,
Winds through broad fields of duty—joy and strife—
Till run its course, (if well), in conscious pride
Shakes hands with Time, and mingles with the Tide!
Thus ever, ever, ever, on like thee,
Man, moved or moving, passes to the sea;
O, may my falls, like thine, precede the flow
Of tranquil waters through the vale below!
So may we all, on Time's impetuous stream,
Sail for that port whose crystal waters gleam;
And bear, at last, the fruitage of life's plain,
On stronger current to the boundless main.

Stand on yon hill where the old school house stood
Like bastion'd fortress, high above the flood;
Look down within the awful gorge—behold
The cave, where silver (sought,) sank farm and gold,
That riven rock the primal ages saw
At time's first dawning, without seam or flaw;
But, touch'd by speculation's wizard wand,

It belch'd forth fossils, fire and yellow sand.
Not sand Pactolian—with the " nuggets " fraught,
Not that for which the awful cave was wrought;
There speculation bored, through farm and flint,
A sinuous hole—and sank the farm within't.
You well remember how, on quivering foot,
The hopeful mortals sought the shining " root ".
And how, alas! we saw the " opening" close,
O'er all their hopes—but not o'er all their woes.
This much, lest superstitious eyes behold
The awful labyrinth, of which I've told,
And think it pierced old primeval rock
And never felt the speculation shock!
A haunt for ghouls or fays from time untold,
And not a cave where Fortune hid her gold.
No subterranean sprite or goblin grim
Shall loiter there upon the rivers brim;
Shake not ye tremulous wights that venture there,
No monetary wizard—bull or bear—
Will greet you in that Wall street under ground—
Go in—explore—there's something to be found!
There is, for some bold youth, an opening still;
The yellow dirt exists in that great till;
And if you find (secure from waste or harm,)
The old deposits safe—you'll find a farm!
I well remember how the money flew,
In quarts, (not granite quartz) and you,
Old friend, who rose with me to read and spell,
Remember how its issues rose and fell!
I kept no record of the rise or fall,
Or circulation; but opine that Wall
Or even State Street, in their blasting way,
Not more than equals, in this greenback day.
Thus, speculations run into the ground—
The " root," more seldom than the evil's found—

The "love" of money lures, now here, now there,
O friend, of such a miser love, beware!

Much might be better said (in better rhymes,)
Of habits, manners, customs and the times;
Had not our Orator, in glowing deed,
Held up the mirror till we see, not read;
'Tis well, to me the rhyming range is given,
Where minstrel ne'er has sung nor poet striven;
O'er broadest fields the muse has sought the forms
Of worth and beauty, that survive the storms
Of chance and change; to paint, as best I may,
The characters that live while men decay.
But while beneath th' immortal theme I stand,
The conscious coloring fades in artless hand;
And thus, I trace upon the canvas nought
As it has shone in ev'ry burning thought.
But, ere I note the deeper thought that springs,
I pass to touch the tops of passing things;
To wile away my half-hour, and with you
The charms of life in social joy renew.
Since we all left the old brown school-house last,
The college, (if not entered) has been past;
The "learned professions," must have learned to yield
For fairer promise in a broader field!
Your sons (all bachelors of noblest art)
Appear to claim their high commencement part;
And if no learned Professors grace the *fete*,
Your men (of faculty) adorn the State.
Your teeming fields—ye sturdy yeomanry,
From, envy's eye and traffic's train are free;
Here, guided, thought may view the loftier plain,
Where Wisdom binds her sheaves of golden grain.
Old Galileo said—the earth "does move"!
This truth your steeds with steaming nostrils prove;

O'er yon bald peak the bridled lightning flies—
The brazen steed to herald up the skies!
Now genius threads the sea with conscious wire—
Equator calls to pole with tongue of fire;
And harnessed Thought transcends all mythic flight,
As flaming chariots wheel the star-paved height!
The muse, delighted, pauses here to note
The changes that along the seasons float;
Since our young fathers came, through fortune's frown,
To build a home, and dedicate a Town—
To view the pleasures toil and genius bring,
And winnow fact from fancy, on the wing.
Now, garner'd wealth foils speculation's flight;
As fiery fountains flood the world with light—
Nevada yields her gold, for iron pave
To band the prairie to Pacific's wave!
Ye who ne'er leave th' expanding intervale,
Nor from yon summits view the bellying sail;
Heirs of the sod, ye know not of the charms,
That Nature holds in her extended arms!
Ye cannot know how fair, how passing grand,
The landscape where your cottage-houses stand;
Ye see the "hay stacks" in the distance rise,
Ascend them! and commune with earth and skies.
O GENIUS, lead the way—the TRUTH confess—
Emancipate, restore, redeem and bless.
Hope, undismayed, has waited for thee long;
Religion has not purged the land from wrong—
(Though nearer truth a weeping Nation stood
While passing through War's great baptismal flood.)
And ye who read my verse, bear with me well,
If I am wrong, the rising age will tell;
If I am right—O Freeman, soldier brave,
Give thanks to God that He has raised the slave.
And never, never, never, nevermore,

May Christian bolt the ransomed Freedman's door;
But see in Nature, God's unerring plan—
Impartial Freedom is the right of man!
Our fathers, through the forests, heard the roar
Of hostile cannon on the eastern shore;
They left their homes to save this glorious land
And, gaining freedom, rested by the strand.
The grand reveille of the cannonade,
From Bunker Hill call'd to this peaceful glade
In thunders audible—the low sub-base
Of War's great organ, shaking Time and space!
Then turned the fathers backward, to the sea,
To strike for Country, God and Liberty!
To fling the gate of glorious canopies ope—
That sons of toil might see the light of hope!
Shared is the honor by the gallant son
Whose father's father fell in fight begun!
Enough of duty for their strength and day,
The forest, crown, and Treason all gave way;
Their lives show much of manly duty done—
There's something, still, of victory to be won!
Thy son, NEW HAMPSHIRE, gave the earliest blood
That mingled with the wave of War's last flood.
At early dawn of most illustrious day,
The seal was broke—the stone was rolled away;
And O, may He who burst the bolted tomb,
Raise our dear land in freedom's deathless bloom!
"Good will on earth"—let "PEACE" descend again,
And North with South unite in sweet refrain;
Redeeming love has crowned heroic fight—
A race redeemed—a morn to slavery's night!

Our fathers' faith caught freedom's earliest beam,
That through the conflict shed a fitful gleam;
And through Time's vistas led the onward way

Adown the ages, to this glorious day!
Their light shone in the future; bright, intense,
Unseen till angel voices called them hence.
As we survey the records, clear and bright,
Their pillar glows in lines of living light!
Hard by yon ridge where stood my father's cot,
(The winding lane and gateway mark the spot)
Behold, prepared, a more enduring home,
From which their weary feet may never roam.
Abode most fair! no frosts—no wintry air—
Nor Time—nor change—can mar the mansion fair;
No toils unfinished—no descending sun;
No hastening night, to close the task undone;
No blighted hopes—no friendships broken there;
No slanderer's tongue, to taint the peaceful air;
No thirst for gain—no strife for power, or place;
No furrow'd lines upon the anxious face;
No sin—no sorrow—no farewells—no tears;
No young hopes mingled with consuming fears;
No expectations false—no friends untrue;
No scenes of separation chill the view;
But one great gathering scene of friends, again—
Unmarked by centuries of toil and pain;
As, one by one, in closing ranks they come,
We note our "day's march nearer, nearer Home"!
And who will say, unseen, they may not view
This joy centennial, which I share with you?
Else, why so full, so perfect, so complete
The common joy, if but the children meet?
A little season since, just by the spot
On which this happy home-throng sees them not,
I shared, with them, the almost rapturous joy,
To happy hearers sang—a happy boy!
The simple strains then tuned, in artless glee,
My little singer now returns to me.

Does fancy err? still, on its pinion free,
Old friend, I'll think thy parents list to thee!
And, be it so, tell ye th' ungarnished truth;
The simple story of their age and youth;
And monumental bust ye need not raise,
Nor lettered pomp, to consecrate their praise.
Descended in a more than royal line,
Ye sons of toil, your hopes, your joys are mine;
Let others boast heraldic fame, and birth;
Sons of the great who rule th' affairs of earth;
But ye may boast, and none dispute your claim,
An ancestry whose worth is not in name;
Whose modest merit gives example bright,
Whose history glows in acts of living right.
"Their names and years" it matters not to tell,
On deeds, not names, the muse delights to dwell;
Their record read o'er all the furrow'd ground,
"Who seeks their epitaph, should gaze around"!
Such were the men, intelligent and true,
Who felled the forests, cleared the fields we view;
Such the firm yeomanry—a State's best wealth,
Whose hope was happiness, whose fortune health.
My parent-pilot, (to this sheltering shore,)
O'er pearly wave still passes on before!
Of fate, or fortune, now no more the sport—
Through quiet haven passed to tranquil port.
Affection claims—I yield the homage due—
These furrowed fields an imaged form renew;
Devotion filial all these scenes constrain—
That close, and ope the century's gate again!

And one, I notice—one, my noble friend,
Who, ah! too early reach'd the journey's end;
One, who has given the Granite Hills a tongue—
And gone—to hear his own sweet music sung;

One, whom in my poor verse I need not name,
Since hill and vale are vocal with his fame;
With whom (an honor of which justly proud),
I scaled yon mountain-peak, above the cloud—
Drank rarest bliss from the supernal height,
O'er which his genius took its lofty flight!
From the charm'd haunts explored with joy elate,
He turned, reluctant, for the Golden Gate,
Which soon was reached—and soon (life's journey o'er)
He found repose on a still fairer shore.
Just when his towering genius saved a State—
(Fame wove the civic wreath for him to wait)
When East and West clasped hands in joy to fling
The victor's crown on their young idol, King—
Then, Wave to Mountain roll'd a tidal sigh—
And earth unbarred the portal of the sky;
In sunset glory—radiant in its flight,
A STAR was lost in Morn's celestial light.*

Life has been busy—more a page of prose,
And earnest effort, than poetic woes—
By kindliest invitation, I have wrought
My little verse, with little merit fraught:
My half-hour, fleeting, hastens to its close—
I've jotted as I could—not as I chose;
From further rambling you will soon be safe—
For now the current bears away my waif!
Arise, O man! to nobler, higher aims;
A loftier life still higher effort claims;
To loftiest theme, then, bend the stubborn will,

*NOTE. The late, Reverend T. Starr King, and William H. Richardson, Esq., ascended Mount Washington, with the writer, on horseback, in the autumn of 1859. That was the fiftieth, and, it is believed, the last ascent of the mountain by the illustrious Divine; of whose closing career Lieutenant General Winfield Scott stated, that California would have sided with Treason (in 1860) if the young and gifted King had not devoted his genius, and given the power of his lofty eloquence, traversing the State, in the cause of his country and of freedom. The United States Senatorship was spoken of as his reward.

And gain, each night, a day's march up the hill.

Now springs to view the quaint old meeting-house,
Where first I listened to Devotion's vows;
More sacred still appears the ancient form,
Which sheltered youth from sin's descending storm.
More than a century's third has passed away—
But that "first lesson" passed not with the day!
O, what a "WORD"—a helm of saving power,
For fainting pilgrims in the mortal hour.
Teach me, O precious WORD—I still would learn
The good to gain—the evil to discern;
Save from intruding love of fruitless fame;
The cymbal-tinklings of a hollow name;
Save from Ambition false—that phantom thing
With tongue of siren, and with scorpion sting;
O man! the song she sings o'er flowing bowl,
Will drown the senses, desolate the soul.
Then take th' Evangel for thy guard, and guide,
And thou, on steady wing, shalt upward glide
Through all the hovering clouds of boding ill,
And gain, at last, the summit of life's hill.

NAMES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Names of the early settlers of the town of Campton, the date of their coming to town,—the number of their families,—and the region from whence they came:

1762. Isaac Fox, Connecticut.
1762. Winthrop Fox, a nephew.
1763. Isaac Fox, Jr., and his mother and his family.
1763. Enoch Taylor, and family.
1764. Joseph Spencer, son of Gen. Jabez Spencer.
1768. Abel Willey, seven children, the fifth family in town.
1769. Benaijah Fox, the son of Isaac, Jr., was the first male child born in town. A daughter of Hobart Spencer, was born the same year.
1769. Hobart Spencer, six children.
1769. Darius Willey, seven children.
1769. Moses Little, six children, Massachusetts.
1769. Samuel Fuller, six children.
1769. Daniel Wyatt, nine children, Massachusetts.
1769. David Perkins, eight children, Massachusetts.
1769. Joseph Pulsifer, eleven children, Massachusetts.
1769. Gershom Burbank, six children, Massachusetts.
1770. Asa Spencer, seven children, Connecticut.
1770. Jesse Willey, eight children, Connecticut.
1770. Ebenezer Taylor, three children, Connecticut.
1770. Joseph Palmer, three children, Massachusetts.
1770. Samuel Cook, nine children, Massachusetts.
1770. Nathaniel Tupper, five children, Massachusetts.
1770. James Harvel.
1771. Samuel Holmes, Connecticut.
1771. Jonathan Cone, five children.
1772. Israel Brainard, five children, Connecticut.
1772. Chiliab Brainard, five children, Connecticut.
1773. John Southmayd, nine children, Connecticut.
1774. Selden Church, seven children, Connecticut.
1774. Thomas Bartlett, fourteen children, Massachusetts.
1775. John Holmes, seven children, Connecticut.
1776. Carr Chase, eight children, Massachusetts.
1777. Elias Cheney.
1777. William Baker, sixteen children.
1777. Dudley Palmer, eight children, Massachusetts.
1778. Moses Baker, three children.
1778. Joseph Palmer, six children, Massachusetts.
1778. Moody Cook, twelve children, Massachusetts.
1778. Ebenezer Cheney, five children.
1778. James Merrill, four children, Massachusetts.
1778. Chauncey Holmes, five children, Connecticut.
— — Homans, five children.

1779. Joseph Homans, a son of — — Homans, two children.
1780. Benjamin Baker, three children.
1780. Jonathan Burbank, son of Gershom, six children.
1781. Israel Blake, three children.
1782. William Page, six children.
1782. Edmond Marsh, eleven children.
1782. John Marsh, thirteen children.
1783. James Bump, seven children.
1783. Jabez Church, nine children.
1784. Ezra Tupper, four children.
1785. David Bartlett, six children.
1785. Ichabod Johnson, seven children, Allenstown.
1785. John Clark, four children, Candia.
1785. John Homans, son of — — Homans, fourteen children.
1786. Samuel Cook, Jr., ten children, Massachusetts.
1787. Cutting Cook, son of Samuel, twelve children.
1789. Enoch Merrill, nine children, Plymouth.
1789. Edward Taylor, Oliver Taylor, sons of Eben, ten children.
178–. Josiah Blaisdell, son of Nathaniel, eight children.
David French, Massachusetts.
1790. Ebenezer Bartlett, son of Thomas.
1790. David Wooster, eight children, Connecticut.
1790. Isaac Mitchell, eight children.
1790. Ephraim Cook, son of Samuel, thirteen children.
1790. Samuel Noyes, two children, Massachusetts.
1790. Daniel Blaisdell, son of Nathaniel, eight children, Chester.
1790. Stephen Goodhue, seven children.
1790. Ebenezer Little, son of Moses, eight children.
1790. Ebenezer Bartlett, Jr., ten children, Massachusetts.
1791. James Burbeck, fourteen children, Massachusetts.
Rowland Percival, nine children, Connecticut.
Rowland Percival, Jr., nine or ten children, Connecticut.
Nathaniel Blaisdell, three children, Chester.
1792. Samuel Johnson.
1792. Joshua Rogers, four children, Connecticut.
1792. Joseph Pulsifer, Jr., son of Joseph, seven children.
1792. Darius Willey, Jr., son of Darius, ten children.
1793. James Little, son of Moses, nine children.
1793. Joel Holmes, son of John, five or six children.
1793. Jesse Hall.
1793. Christopher Noyes, nine children, Massachusetts.
1793. Stephen Giddings, eight children, Massachusetts.
Moses Pulsifer, son of Joseph, eight children.
Stephen Giddings, nine children, Massachusetts.
Samuel Chandler, three children, Hampstead.
1794. Samuel Merrill, thirteen children, Plymouth.
1794. Enoch Merrill, six children.
1802. Elijah Hatch, seven children.
1803. Thomas Cook, son of Samuel, eleven children.

1804. Isaac Willey, son of Darius, eight children.
1805. John Pulsifer, son of Joseph, eleven children.
1805. Peter Blair, ten children, Holderness.
1807. William Giddings, eight children, Massachusetts.
1809. Robert Smith, ten children.
1820. Daniel Wyatt, son of Daniel, six children.

CAMPTON'S ROLL OF HONOR.

Second Regiment.

John Chandler, wounded.
William Alexander.

Fourth Regiment.

Walter S. Johnson, died of disease.

Sixth Regiment.

Hiram O. Berry.
Charles E. Berry, died of disease.
Heber L. Chase, wounded.
Wm. W. Farmer, died of wounds.
Benjamin A. Ham.
Frank E. Hodgman, died of disease.
Richard Pattee, wounded.
George L. Rogers.
Reuben P. Smith.
Jason Webster, died of disease.
Benjamin F. Berry.
Luther Farmer, died of disease.
Oliver W. Lovett.
Daniel M. Sanborn.

Eighth Regiment.

John S. Avery.
Leonard P. Benton.
Daniel Piper, wounded.

Ninth Regiment.

Luther S. Mitchell, taken prisoner.

Twelfth Regiment.

Martin V. B. Avery, wounded.
Edwin Avery, starved, taken prisoner, wounded.
Ezra B. Burbank, taken prisoner, wounded.
Rufus F. Bickford.
Orlando Durgin, died of disease.
C. C. Durgin, died of disease.
George W. Gordon, wounded.
D. F. A. Goss, taken prisoner, wounded.
N. Lyman Merrill.
Albert Merrill, taken prisoner.
John N. Marsh, died of disease.
Edwin Pronk.
William H. Rogers, killed.
William H. Stickney, wounded.
Orrin Wallace, killed.

Thirteenth Regiment.

Manson L. Brown.
Jason Elliot.
Simon T. Elliot, killed.
Nathan Pierce.
Alfred Webster.
Wooster E. Woodbury, wounded.

Fourteenth Regiment.

Abner H. Lougee.
John D. Morse.
Freeman Moulton.
Freeman L. Moulton.
James O. Ward, wounded.

Fifteenth Regiment.

Henry D. Wyatt.
Fred A. Mitchell.
Samuel S. Mitchell.
Joseph C. Blair, Jr.
Benjamin F. Adams, killed.
Henry Cook, died on way home of disease.
George A. Page, died on way home of disease.
Cyrus Burbeck, died on way home of disease.
Edwin A. Hart, died after reaching home of disease.
Joseph Brown, Jr., died after reaching home of disease.
William F. Mitchell.
James F. Merrill.
Geo. W. Plummer, wounded, died of wounds.
David Webster.
Charles H. Willey.

Eighteenth Regiment.

William E. Brown.
William A. Chandler.
Samuel H. Dow.
Benjamin Evans, Jr.
Ozias J. Holmes.
John M. Purkis.
John H. Plummer.
John P. Patterson, died of disease.
Horace W. Smith.
George P. Tarlsen.
William G. Thompson.

Sharpshooters.

Alfred E. Foss.

Cavalry.

Benjamin M. Johnson, taken prisoner and never heard from.

Enlisted in other States.

John M. Flint, surgeon.
George Cook, died of disease.
Steven Brown, died of disease.
Danford M. Rowe.
Harris B. Mitchell.
Hermon C. Stickney.
John C. Chase.
Alfred Merrill.
Geo. H. Keniston.
George Smith.
Clark Smith.
Simeon D. Smith.

Total enlistments in Regiments in the State, seventy-five. Total enlistments in Regiments in other States, twelve. Making total enlistments from Campton, eighty-seven. Six of whom were taken prisoners; four killed; fourteen wounded; four died of wounds; eighteen died of disease.

Number of substitutes furnished by citizens of Campton, thirty-seven. Number of men called for during the war, ninety-nine. Enlisted in town seventy-five. Recruits furnished, thirty-seven. Total, one hundred and twelve. Surplus, thirteen.

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